

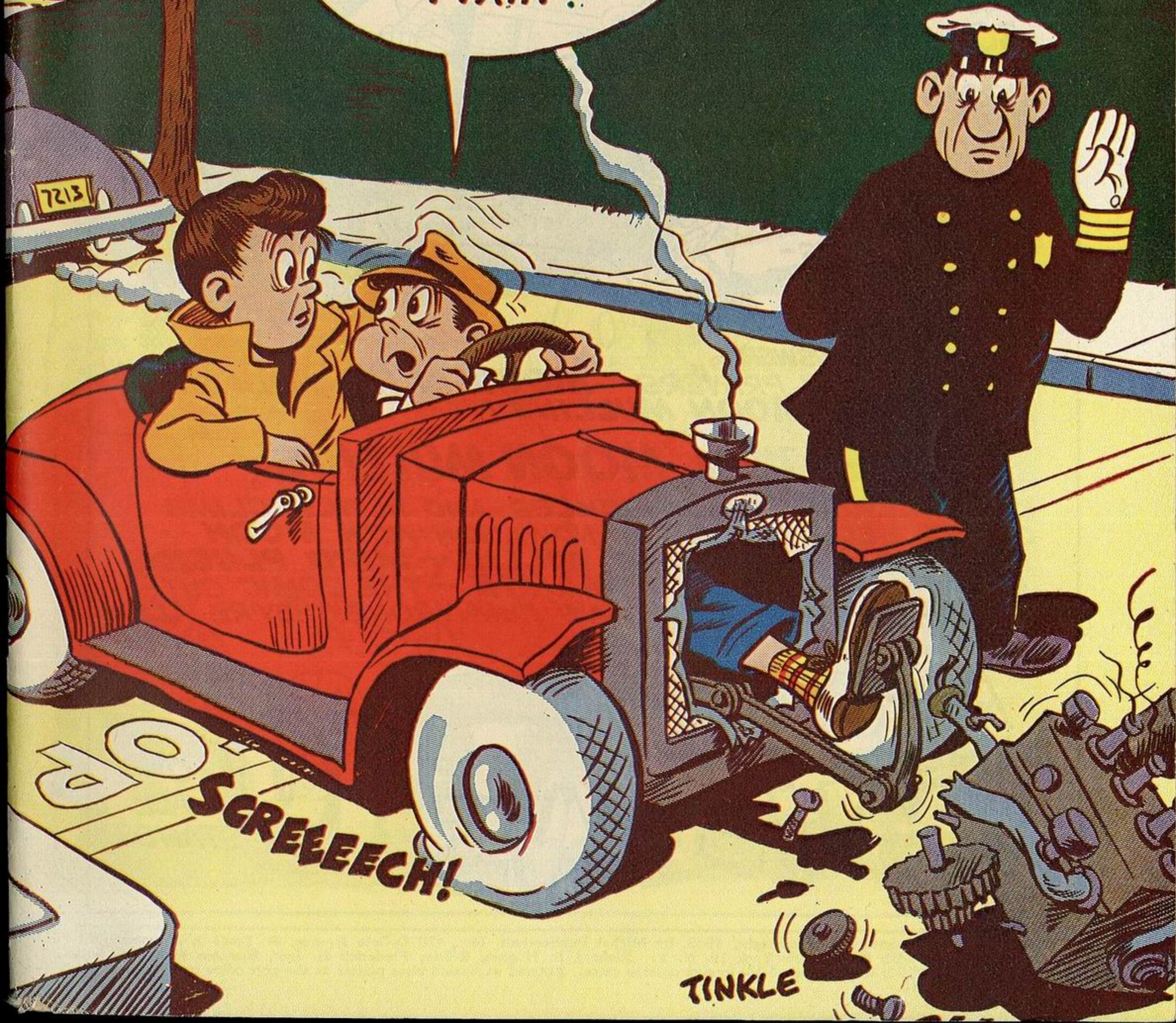
COOKIE



10¢

The Funniest Kid in Town...

I THINK OUR
BRAKES NEED
FIXIN'!

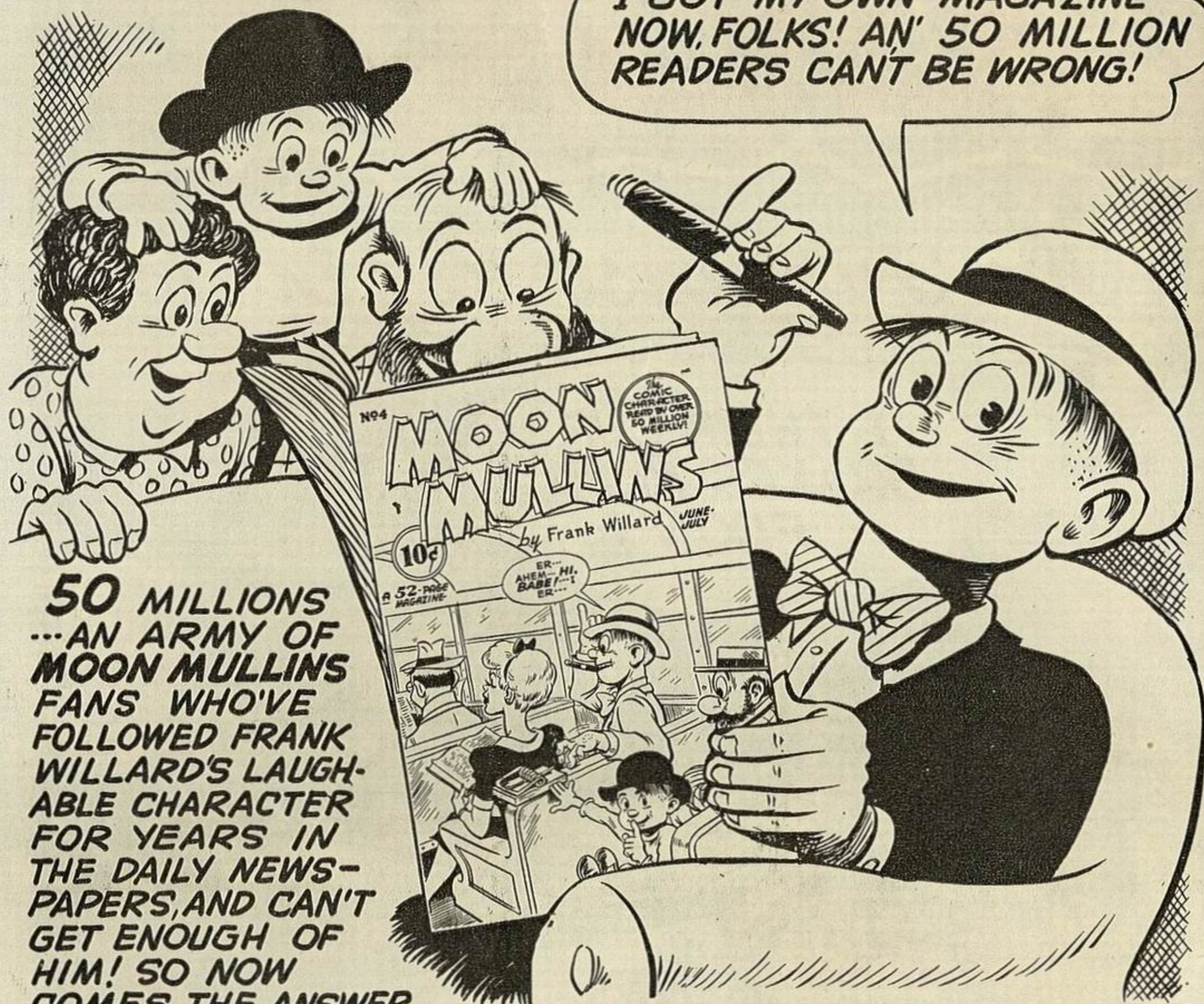




WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

MOON MULLINS SAYS...

I GOT MY OWN MAGAZINE NOW, FOLKS! AN' 50 MILLION READERS CAN'T BE WRONG!



50 MILLIONS
...AN ARMY OF
MOON MULLINS
FANS WHO'VE
FOLLOWED FRANK
WILLARD'S LAUGH-
ABLE CHARACTER
FOR YEARS IN
THE DAILY NEWS-
PAPERS, AND CAN'T
GET ENOUGH OF
HIM! SO NOW
COMES THE ANSWER
TO 50 MILLION PRAYERS ...**MOON IN HIS MAGAZINE**
AND YOURS ... **"MOON MULLINS"!**

Don't Miss "MOON MULLINS"...

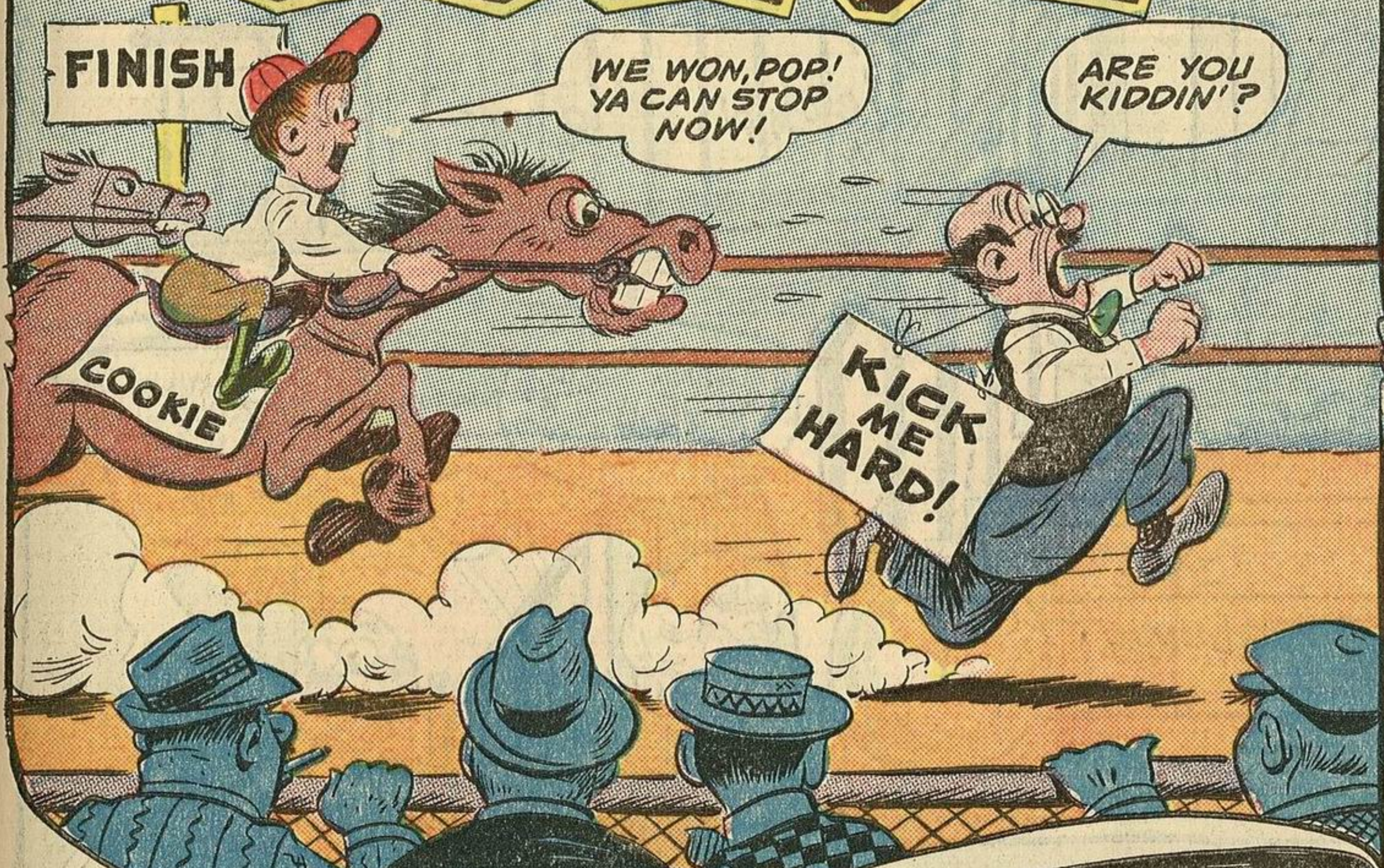
JAM-PACKED WITH CHUCKLES AND HOWLS! CLIMB
ON THE BELLY-LAUGH BANDWAGON WITH MOON...
WITH **KAYO**... **UNCLE WILLIE**... **LORD PLUSH-
BOTTOM**... **EMMY**... **MAMIE**... THE COMIC CUT-
UPS WHO TICKLE AMERICA'S FUNNYBONE! THEY'RE ALL

in

MOON MULLINS

10¢ ON
ALL
STANDS

"COOKIE"



FINISH

WE WON, POP!
YA CAN STOP
NOW!

ARE YOU
KIDDIN'?

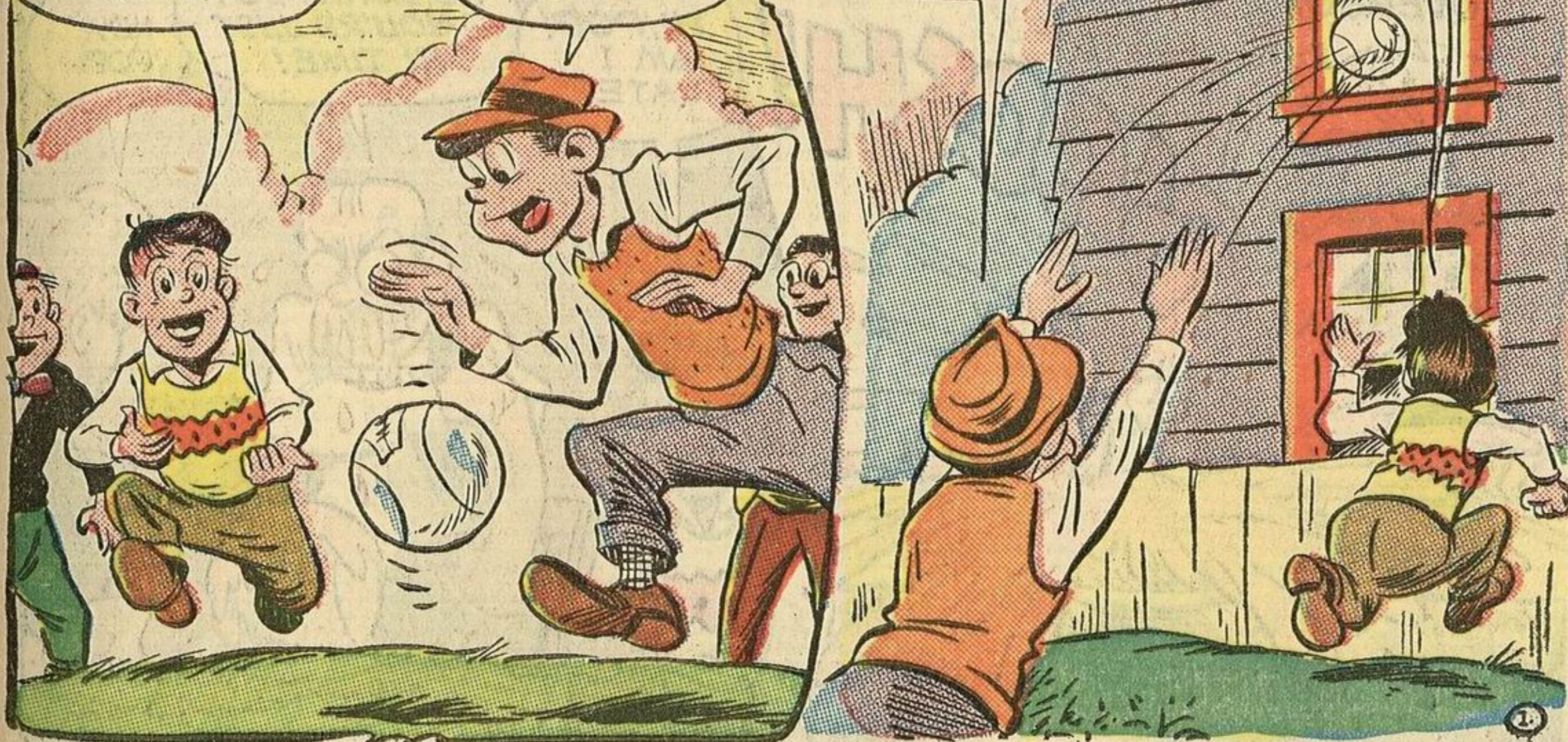
KICK
ME
HARD!

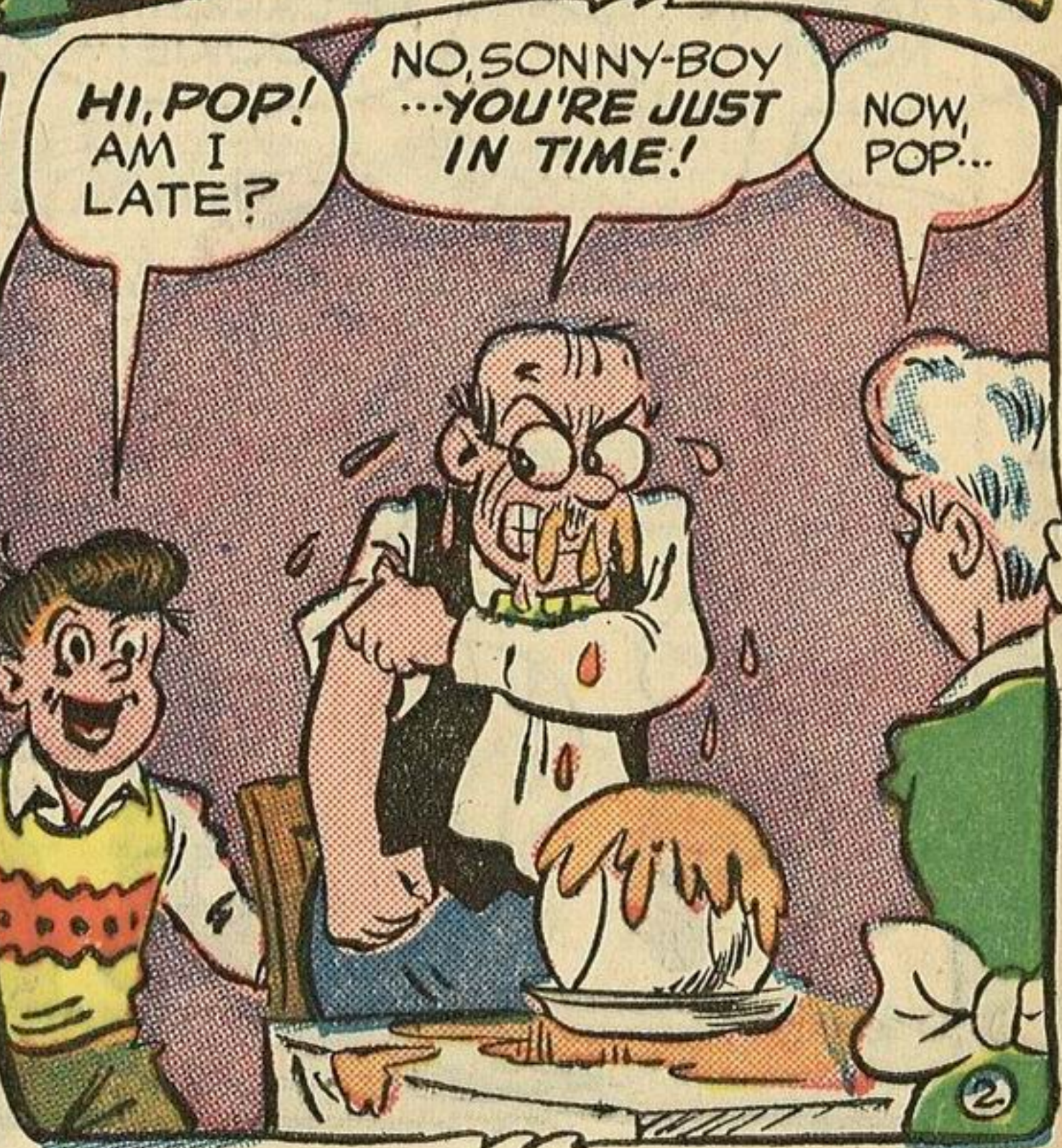
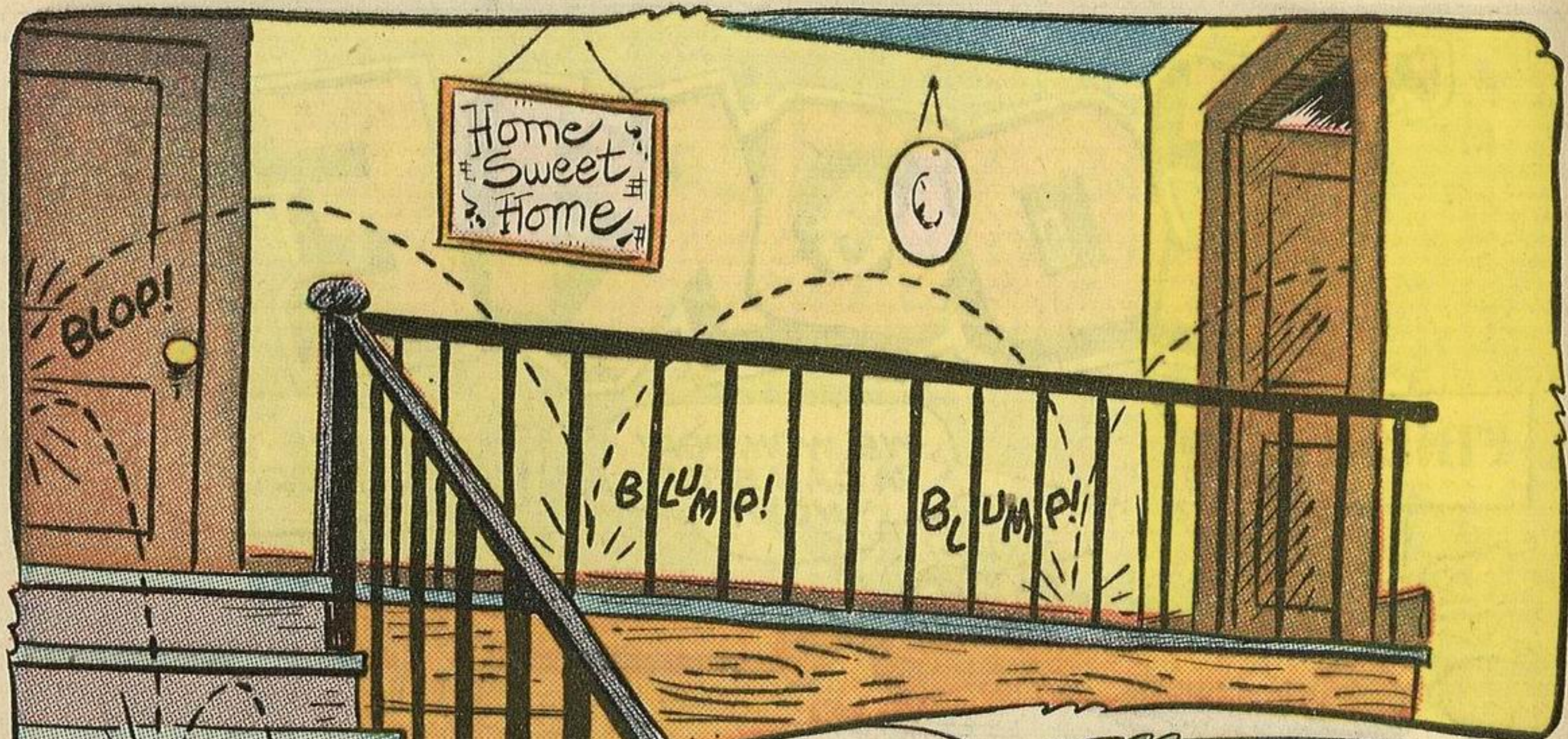
C'MON, JITTERBUCK...
GIMME MY BALL! I
GOTTA GO IN
NOW!

I'LL SAVE YA
THE TROUBLE
OF CARRYIN' IT,
COOKIE---

...WITH A PERFECT
SHOT INTO YER
BEDROOM WINDOW!
...SEE?

NICE GOIN',
KID! SEE YA
LATER!





OH, MY
FATHER'S
MOUSTACHE!

COME
HERE,
YOU...

YOU...
YOU...

POP...LEAVE THE BOY ALONE!
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT...AND
BESIDES, IT WAS YOUR
FAULT!

IT WAS *YOUR* IDEA THAT
HE TAKE UP ATHLETICS TO
BUILD MUSCLES...LIKE YOU
SAY YOU HAD WHEN YOU
WERE HIS AGE!

YEAH, BUT I
DIDN'T GET 'EM
SPLASHING SOUP
IN MY OLD MAN'S
GOATEE! I GOT 'EM
WORKING HARD ON A
FARM...PITCHING HAY
AND DRIVING HORSES!

HEY, *THAT'S* A
COINCIDENCE!
I'M GOIN' HORSE-
BACK RIDIN' WITH
ANGELPUSS TOMORROW
MORNING!

OH, COOKIE
HORSES
WORRY ME
SO! I WISH...

LET HIM GO,
MOM! IF HE'S
FOUND A WAY
TO GET MUSCLES
WITHOUT BOUNC-
ING BALLS IN MY
SOUP, THAT'S JUST
DANDY BY ME!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I
LIKE IT! RIDING GIVES ONE
POISE! IT'LL DO WONDERS
FOR YOUR PHYSIQUE...MAKE
YOU RANGY...

THE *COWBOY*
TYPE, YOU
KNOW!

GOODNESS
...NO!

AND SO COMES THE DAWN
...WITH MORE HEADACHES!

HI,
COOKIE!

HI, ANGELPUSS!
...HEY, DOGFACE!
WOT'RE YOU
DOIN' HERE?

I DON'T
KNOW ANY
LAW THAT
SAYS A GUY
CAN'T RIDE IF
HE FEELS LIKE
IT!

MAYBE THE HORSES GOT A
LAW AGAINST CARRYIN' HEELS
LIKE YOU, ZOOT!

HEY, MR.
Mc GUFF...
GOT ANOTHER
NAG FOR ME?

SORRY, M'BOY...
ONLY ONE HORSE
LEFT, AN' HE
DOESN'T LIKE
PEOPLE RIDIN'
HIM!

DOESN'T LIKE
PEOPLE RIDIN'
HIM...

WASSAMATTER,
POKEALONG-CASSIDY
...SCARED?

NEVER MIND, COOKIE
...WE'LL GO RIDING
SOME OTHER TIME!
I DON'T WANT YOU TO
GET HURT!

I CAN'T LET
ANGEL THINK
I'M YELLOW!

DON'T GIVE IT A
THOUGHT, DREAM-
BEAM! ER... SHOW ME
THE CRITTER, MISTER!

WELL, FOR...!

POOR COOKIE?
HAW-HAW! YOU
MEAN POOR HORSIE!
HO-HO-HO!

OH-
OH!

YEAH, HE DOESN'T LIKE ANY-
ONE ON HIM 'CAUSE HE'S
GETTIN' OLD AN' TIRED!
BUT JUST TAKE IT EASY
AN' HE'LL BE OKAY!

OH! POOR
COOKIE!

SLOW DOWN,
ZOOT...LET'S
WAIT FOR
COOKIE!

AW, C'MON, ANGELPUSS...
LEAVE US GALLOP OFF INTO
THE WILD BLUE YONDER!
LEAVE US LEAVE ALL
UGLINESS BEHIND...
MEANIN' **SHORTY** AN'
THAT 1914-MODEL
NAG!

TAKE
IT EASY,
BOY! I
KNOW **JUST**
HOW YOU
FEEL!

HI, **SLEWFOOT**!
I THOUGHT YOU
TOLD ME YOU WERE
THROUGH CARRYIN'
PASSENGERS!

SO WOT? AT
LEAST I DON'T
HAVE NO **RAT**
SITTIN' ON ME
BACKBONE...
LIKE **YOUSE**
DO!

SNORT!

OH, **YEAH**? WELL, AT LEAST
I **GOT** A BACKBONE!...SO
LONG, **GLUEPOT**! HERE'S
DUST IN YER EYE!

WHY, YOU
NO-GOOD
SO-AND-
SO!

OW-OOOOOO!

HEY!

ANGELPUSS...HALP! DO SOME-
THING! MY HORSE IS RUNNIN'
AWAY WITH ME!...**HALP!**

WHY,
YOU...
YOU...

MOTHER! DADDY!
HALP! HA-LUP!

HOLY SOX,
COOKIE...
WOT'S
UP?

WHOA!
...I'LL TELL
YA LATER, JIT!
GIMME YER
HAT...QUICK!

NOW FAST...HAND
ME THAT BLANKET!

THIS IS WHERE YOU GET OFF,
CRYBABY...I GOTTA SEE A
MAN ABOUT A HORSE!

EEEEEEK!



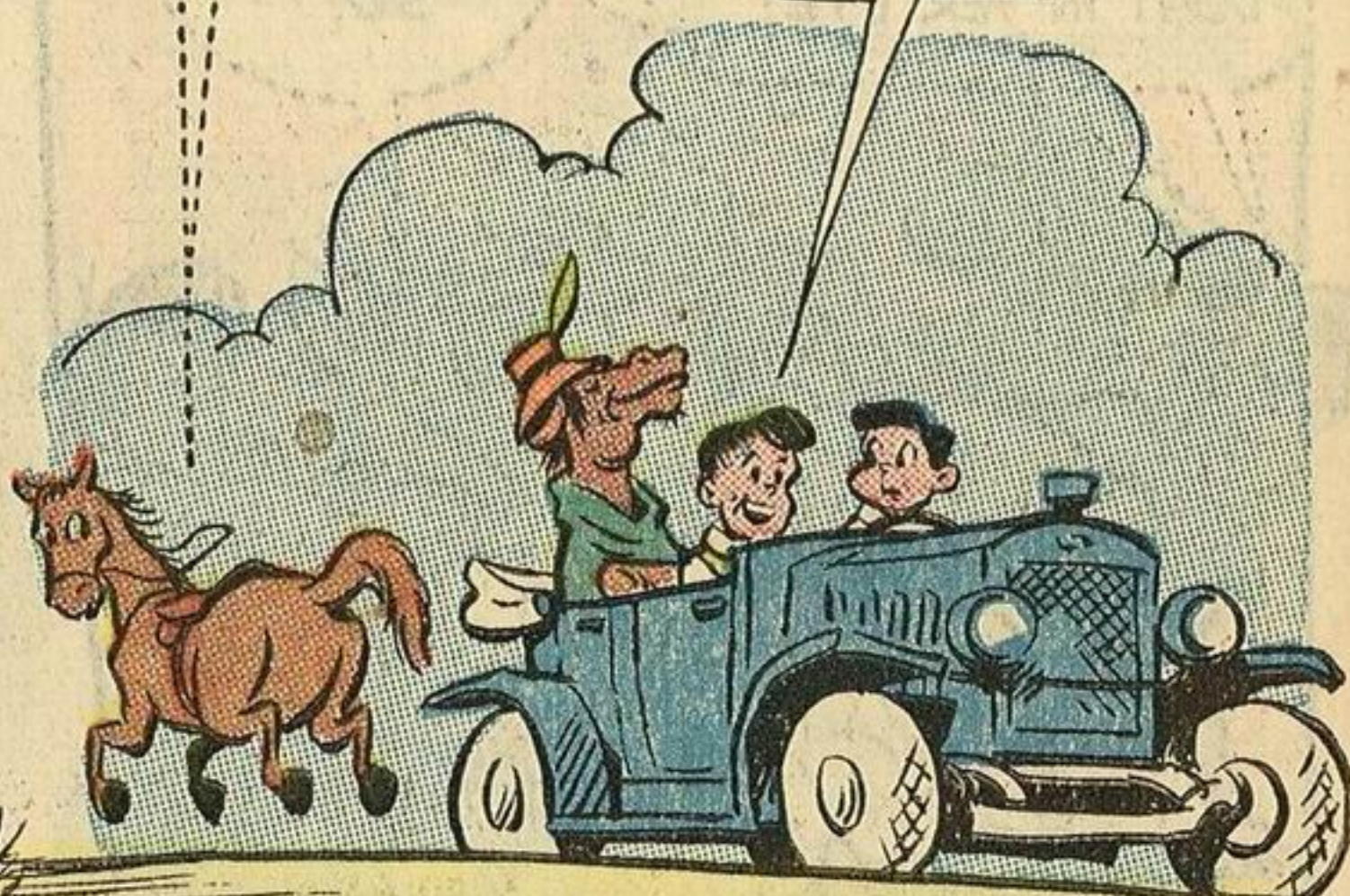
HI, HORSIE!
MEET SITTING
BULL!

UGH!

?

I MUST NEED **GLASSES!**
FOR A MOMENT, I THOUGHT
HE WAS A **HORSE!**

OKAY, JIT! LET'S
GET MY FRIEND
HERE BACK TO
THE STABLE!



HEY, COOKIE, YA SURE YA
DIDN'T HIT YER HEAD OR
SUMP'N TODAY? THIS
SEEMS SO **SILLY!**
WOT'S IT ALL ABOUT,
ANYWAY?

IT'S LIKE THIS! **WISE GUY**
ZOOT SHOWS UP THIS A.M.
AN' TRIES TO MAKE A DOPE
OUTA ME IN FRONT OF ANGEL
BY STICKIN' ME WITH THIS
BROKEN-DOWN HORSE HERE
...**BUT...**

...THE NAG MAKES A JERK OUTA
HIM INSTEAD! SO SHAKE HANDS
WITH A **HERO**, JITTERBUCK!

HI, PAL!

GEE, COOKIE
...YA'D THINK
HE REALLY
KNEW WOT
YOU WERE
SAYIN'!



HEY, WOTCHA TRYIN' TO DO,
SPOIL THAT HORSE? HUH
...RIDIN' HIM AROUND IN
A CAR...

LISTEN, MISTER! FOR MY
MONEY, THIS JOE SHOULD BE
RIDIN' **PEOPLE**... INSTEAD
OF PEOPLE RIDIN' **HIM**!

YOU MAY BE A HERO TO **HIM**... BUT
TO **ME**, YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER NAG!
--GET IN THERE, WHILE I TAKE
YER SADDLE OFF!

YEAH, COOKIE
SAYS HE'S A
HERO!

RIDING ACADEMY

WHY, YOU...

HEY!
STOP THAT!
NO! HEY!

HEY, WHO DOES JO-
JO THINK HE IS,
RIDIN' THE **BOSS**,
NO 'LESS!

LISTEN... HE
THINKS HE'S
TONTO!

**GITTUM UP,
SCOUT! ME
LOOKUM FOR
LONE RANGER!**
UGH!

**SEE
WHAT
YOUR
FLATTERY
HAS DONE?**

RIDING AC ADEMY

JEEPERS, I'M **SORRY**,
SIR! ER... ISN'T THERE
SUMP'N I CAN **DO**?

**YEAH! TAKE
HIM OUTA
HERE...
QUICK!**

YA
MEAN HE'S
MINE?

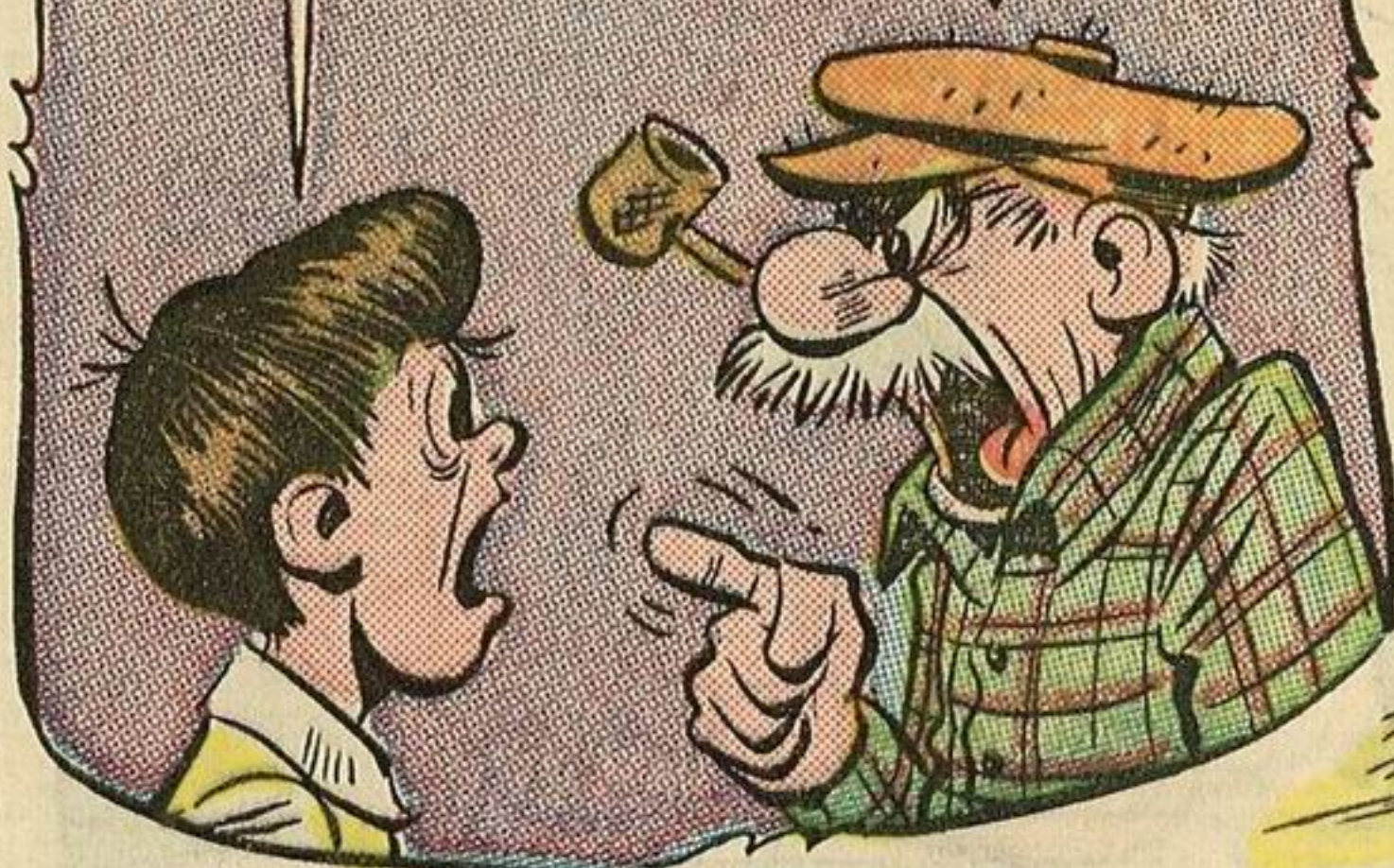
I MEAN I CAN'T HAVE A FEATHER-
BRAINED IDIOT LIKE HIM AROUND
HERE GIVIN' THE **OTHER** HORSES
ANY AMBITIOUS IDEAS!... **SO
GIMME 50 BUCKS AN' TAKE
HIM AWAY!**

FIFTY BUCKS!
WHERE WOULD I
GET FIFTY BUCKS?

I DON'T CARE *WHERE*
YOU GET IT! BUT GET
IT BY TOMORROW, OR
YOU'LL HAFTA *WORK*
IT OFF!

WOT D'YA SUPPOSE
HE MEANS BY "*WORK*
IT OFF," COOKIE?

I DUNNO... BUT I
HOPE IT AIN'T
WOT I'M *THINKIN'*!



I HATE TA DO THIS, FELLA... BUT IT'S
MY ONLY CHANCE OF RAISIN' THAT FIFTY!
IN THE MEANTIME, THIS GARAGE IS YER
HOME! I'LL SEE IF I CAN SCARE UP
SOME GRUB FOR YA!

HI, MOM! LOOK, IF YA
SEE POP BEFORE I
DO, WILL YA TELL
HIM THAT IN THE
GARAGE...

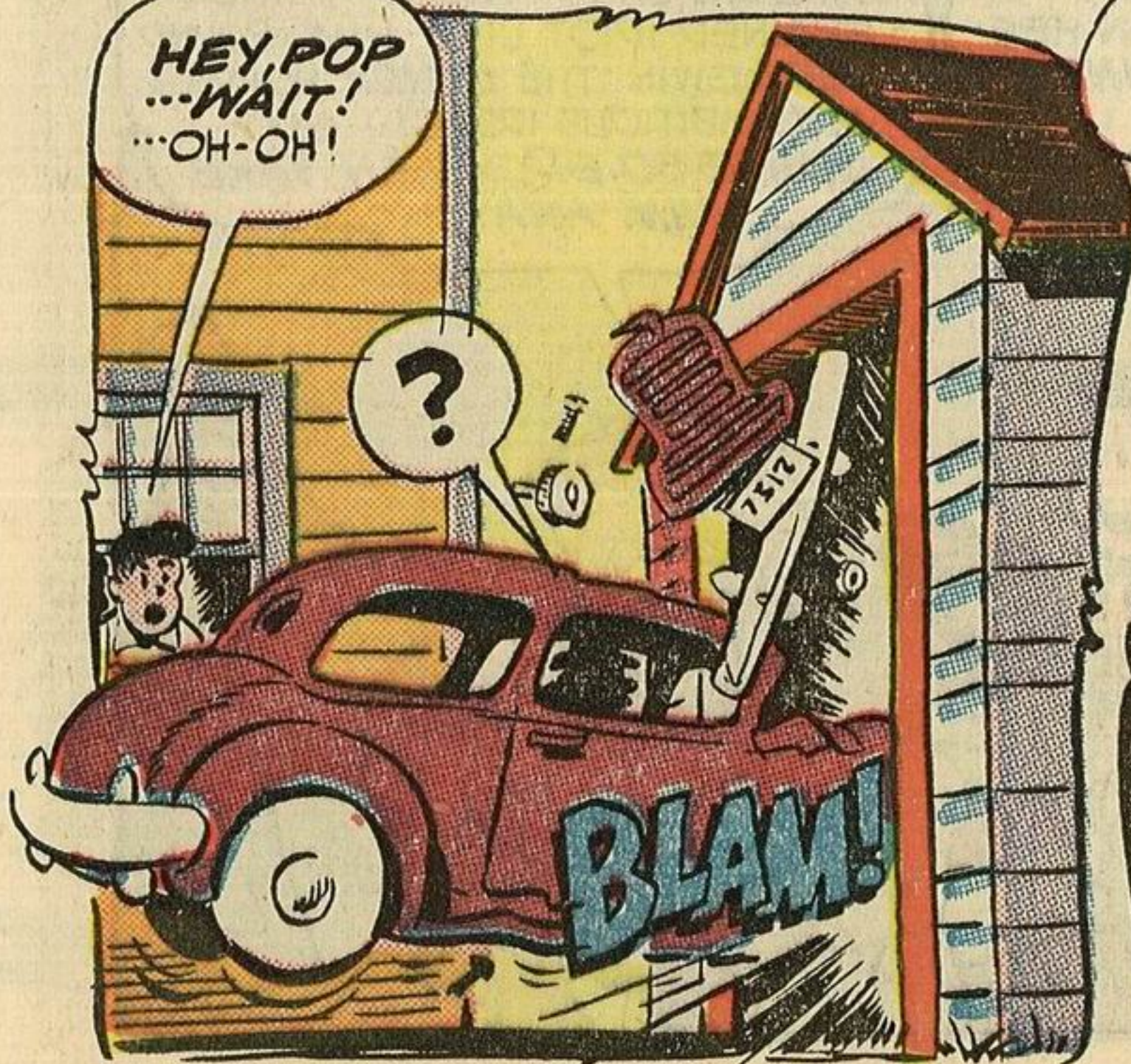
TELL HIM YOURSELF,
COOKIE! HE'S COMING
IN THE DRIVEWAY
NOW!

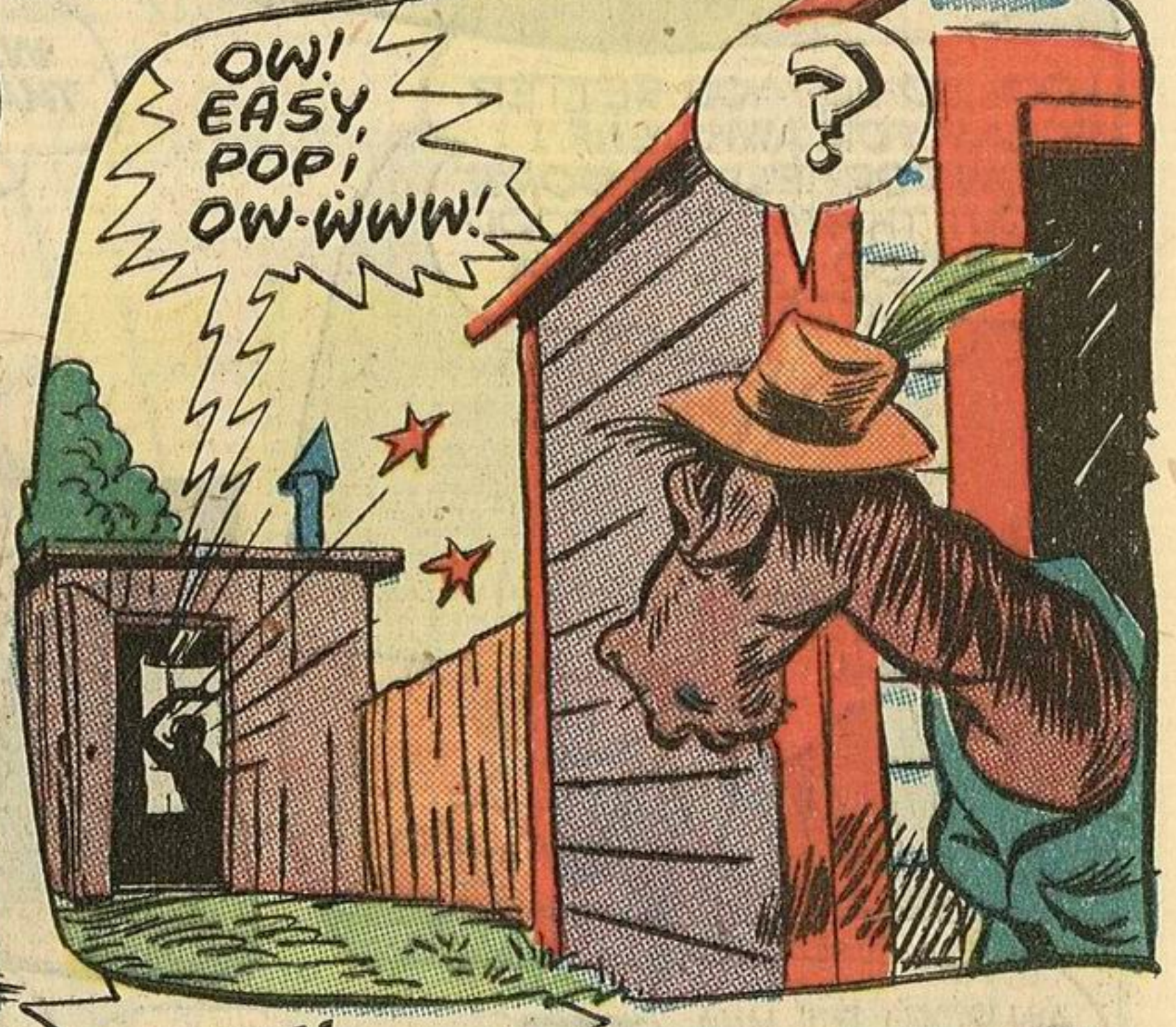
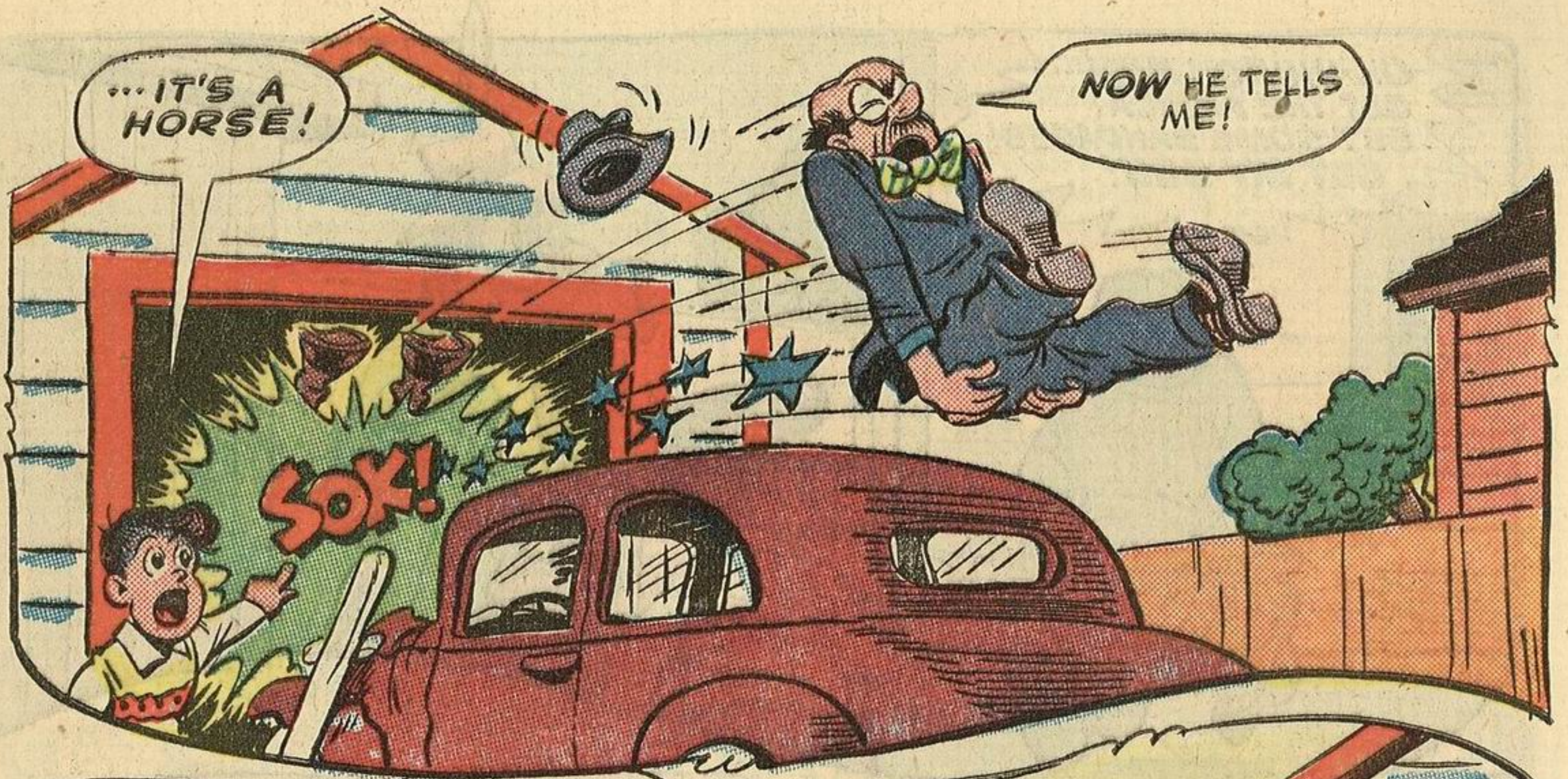


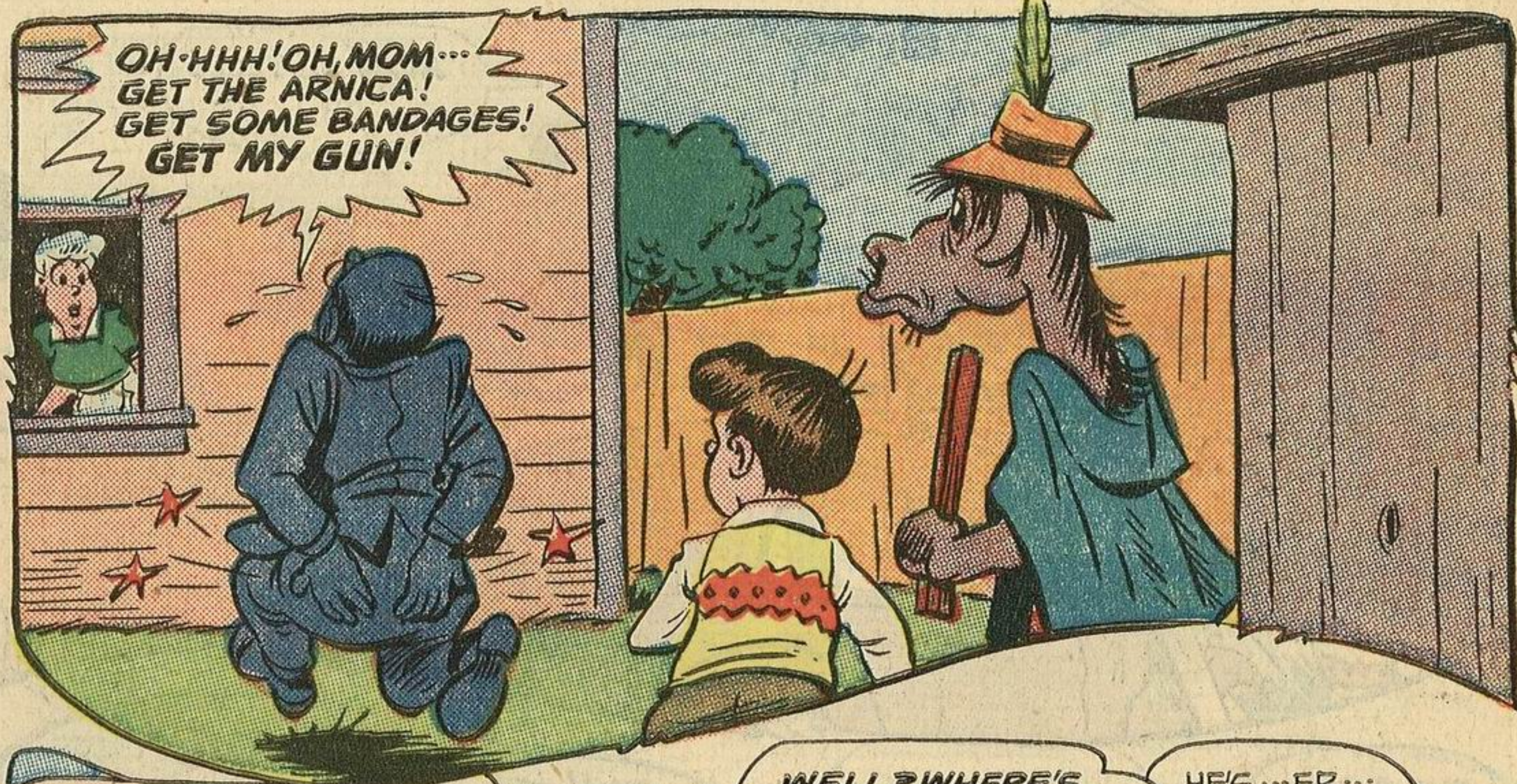
HEY, POP
...WAIT!
...OH-OH!

IF YOU'VE PARKED
THAT JALOPY IN
HERE AGAIN, I'LL...

BUT POP!
IT'S *NOT* THE
JALOPY...







OH-HHH! OH, MOM...
GET THE ARNICA!
GET SOME BANDAGES!
GET MY GUN!

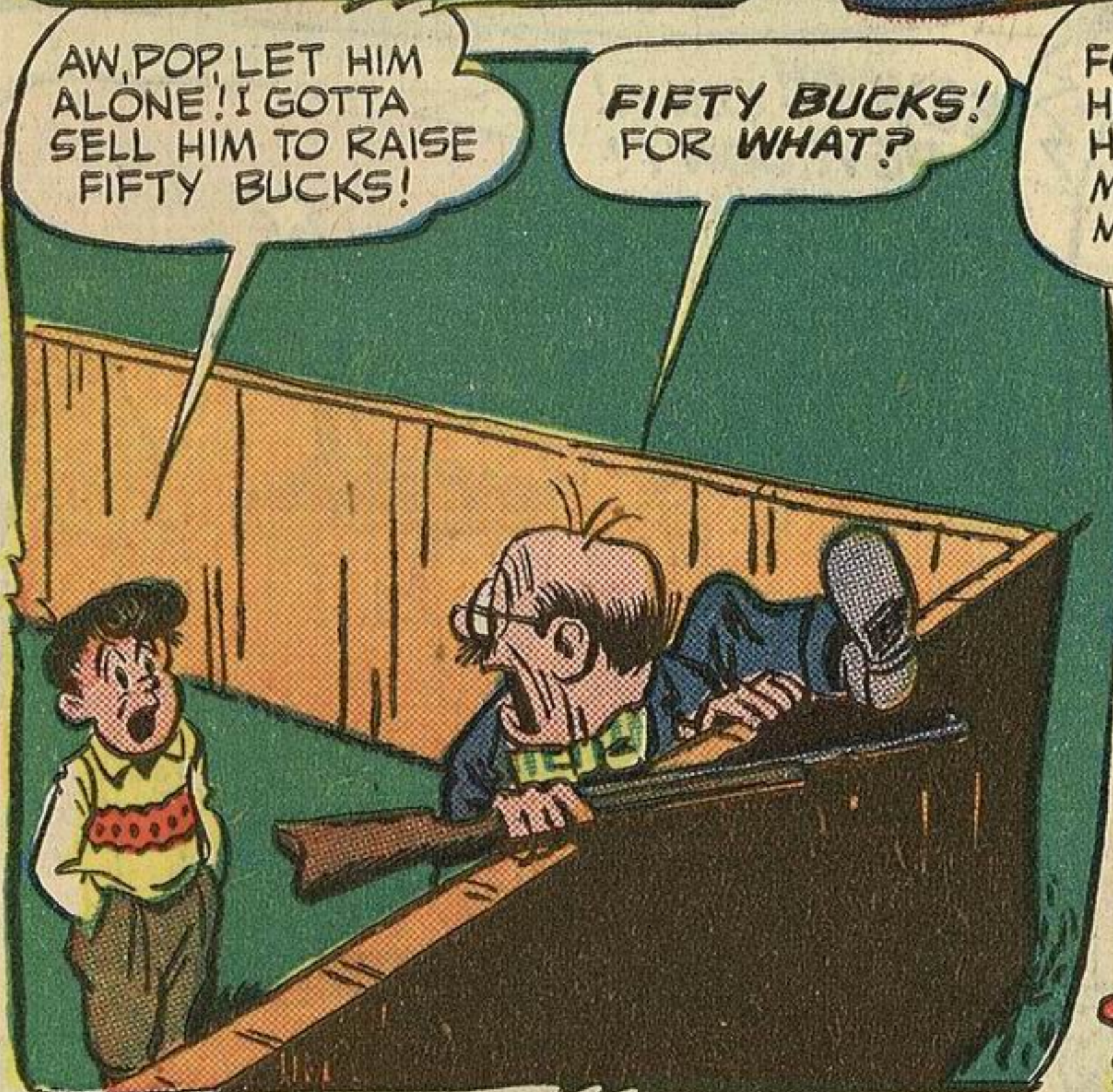


LOOK, JO-JO... YOU BETTER
SCRAM FOR AWHILE! IF I
KNOW POP, HE'LL BE SORE
ABOUT THIS! SO BE A GOOD
GUY AN' GO... I'LL SEE YA
LATER!



WELL? WHERE'S
THAT BLOODTHIRSTY
BEAST?

HE'S... ER...
GONE, POP!
ER... TOOK IT
ON THE LAM,
HE DID!



AW, POP, LET HIM
ALONE! I GOTTA
SELL HIM TO RAISE
FIFTY BUCKS!

FIFTY BUCKS!
FOR WHAT?

FOR THE GUY AT THE RIDING ACADEMY!
HE SAYS I SPOILED THE HORSE AN'
HAFTA PAY FOR HIM, OR HE'LL MAKE
ME WORK IT OFF! WHATEVER HE
MEANS BY **THAT**!



WELL, WHATEVER HE
MEANS IS OKAY BY ME!
I WON'T HAVE YOU TURN-
ING THIS JOINT INTO
A HORSE-TRADING
JOINT! SO GO DOWN
AND TELL HIM THAT!

OH, NO! YOU'LL GO AND YOU'LL TELL HIM THAT YOU CHASED THE HORSE AWAY! AND YOU'LL EITHER PAY HIM THE FIFTY DOLLARS OR SEE WHAT ELSE HE HAS TO SUGGEST!

OKAY...OKAY! BUT I'LL TELL YOU **ONE** THING...I'M NOT PAYING ANY FIFTY BUCKS!

AN HOUR PASSES...

D'YA SUPPOSE POP'LL HAFTA PAY THE FIFTY?

STOP WORRYING, COOKIE! YOUR FATHER KNOWS HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THINGS LIKE THIS!

PLOP!

MOM! HEY, MOM! COME TO THE WINDOW... QUICK!

HEY! THAT'S POP!

OH, GOODNESS!

ULP! THAT'S WOT I WAS AFRAID HE MEANT BY WORKIN' IT OFF!

POP, YOU COME IN HERE THIS INSTANT!

CAN'T! I GOTTA GO FOX-HUNTIN'!

SO MOM O'TOOLE PAYS THE FIFTY DOLLARS, AND...

THANK GOODNESS THAT'S OVER! WOW! I'M AS HUNGRY AS A BEAST!



IN THAT CASE... HOLD STILL, DOBBIN!

HA-HA! LOOKIT THE OLD GRAY MARE!



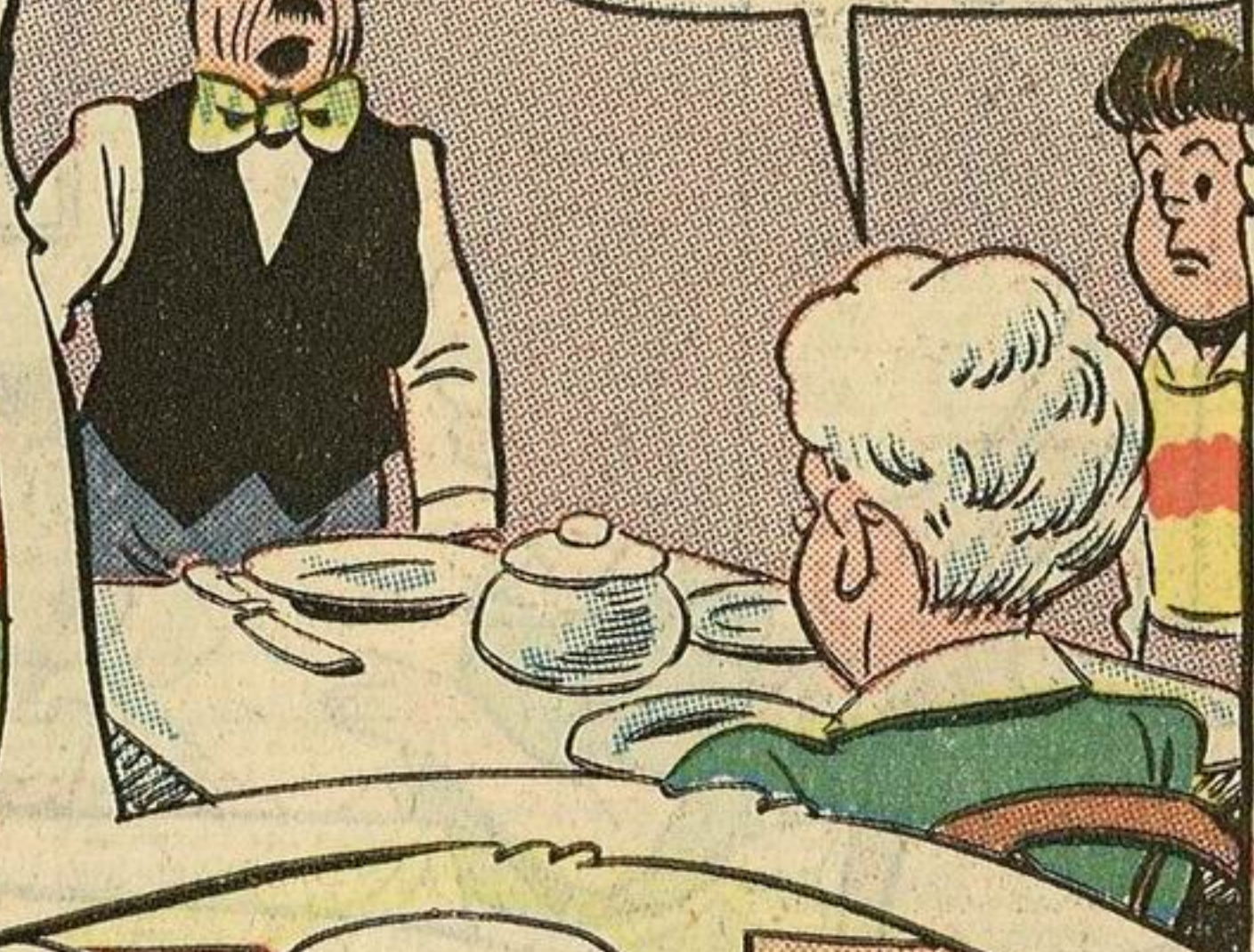
VERY FUNNY, YOU...YOU TROUBLE-MAKER, YOU! I... I'LL...

BUT POP! I WAS ONLY...

NEVER MIND, COOKIE...YOUR FATHER THOUGHT IT WAS A WONDERFUL IDEA FOR YOU TO GO RIDING!

SO WHAT?

SO IF IT TURNED OUT BADLY, IT'S YOUR FAULT! IF YOU INSIST UPON MAKING A MUSCLE-MAN OUT OF HIM, WHY DON'T YOU SUGGEST SOMETHING HELPFUL?



MOM, YOU'VE JUST GIVEN ME AN IDEA...ONE THAT WILL HELP DEVELOP BOTH OUR MUSCLES! YES, SIR-RRR!...WAIT RIGHT HERE, SONNY-BOY!

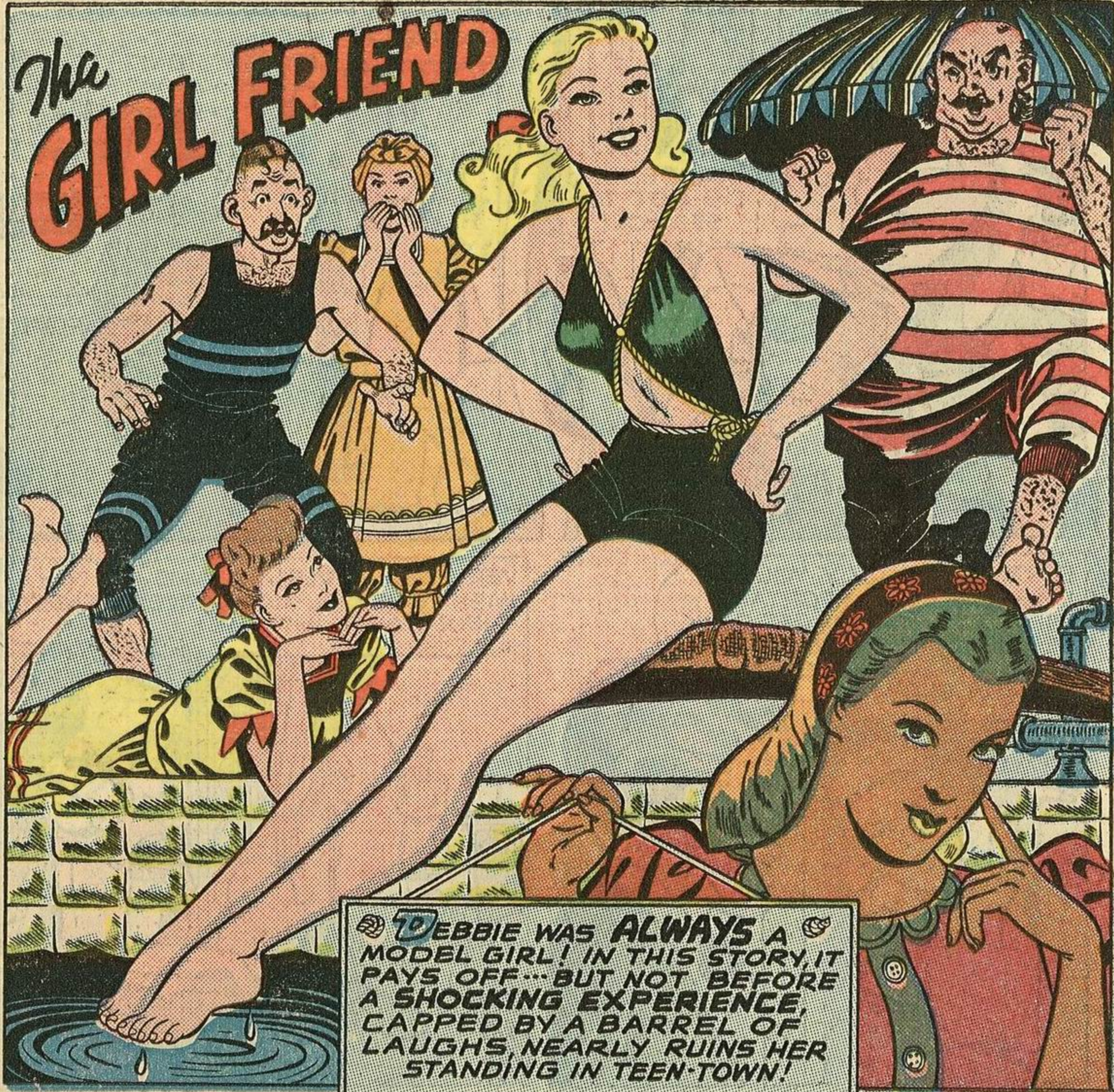
SURE, POP!

SHALL WE?

GULP!



The GIRL FRIEND



DEBBIE WAS ALWAYS A MODEL GIRL! IN THIS STORY, IT PAYS OFF... BUT NOT BEFORE A SHOCKING EXPERIENCE, CAPPED BY A BARREL OF LAUGHS, NEARLY RUINS HER STANDING IN TEEN-TOWN!

GIRLS... I HAVE SOME **NEWS** FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO WOULD ENJOY BEING **MODELS!** THE P.T.A. IS SPONSORING A **FASHION SHOW** HERE IN THE **SCHOOL AUDITORIUM!**



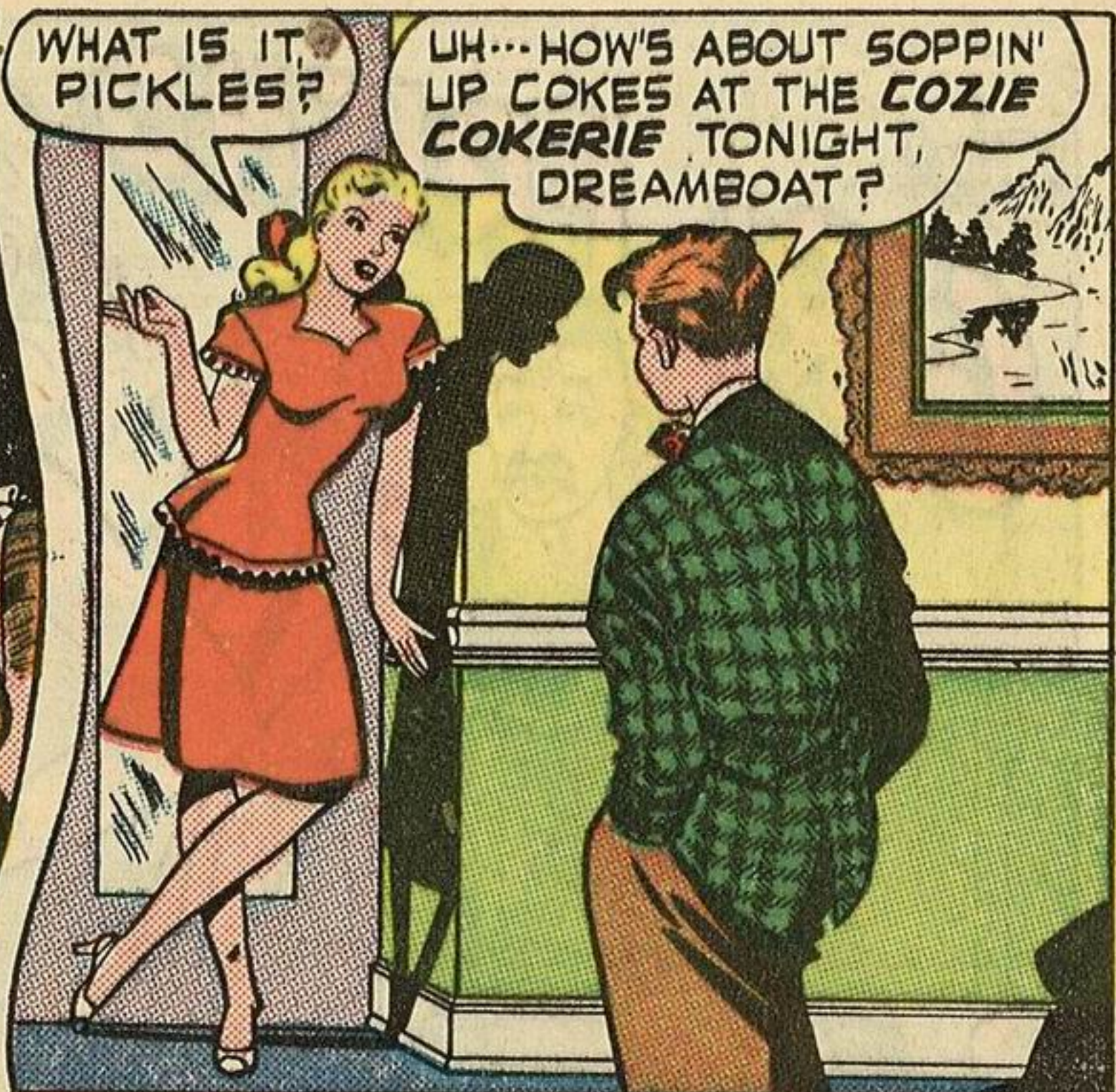
THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR ABOUT A DOZEN GIRLS...

PSST...
DEBBIE!





HEY, DEBBIE!
I'VE GOT TO
SEE YOU!



WHAT IS IT,
PICKLES?

UH...HOW'S ABOUT SOPPIN'
UP COKES AT THE **COZIE
COKERIE** TONIGHT,
DREAMBOAT?



SURE, BUT **GOLLY**-YOU'RE
INTERRUPTING IMPORTANT
INFO! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK
BEFORE I MISS TOO MANY
DETAILS ABOUT THIS
FASHION SHOW!



VERY WELL, GIRLS! ALL WHO
WISH TO MODEL MAY LEAVE
THEIR NAMES WITH ME!

OH,
SHUCKS!



KEWPIE, I MISSED HEARING ALL
THAT MISS GIBSON SAID! WHAT
GIVES WITH THIS FASHION
SHOW?



WE'RE MODELLING **BATHING
SUITS**, DEBBIE, AND THERE'S
GOING TO BE A **PRIZE**
FOR THE **BEST MODEL!**

OH, ZOWIE!
THAT'S
TERRIP'!

DON'T GET TOO ELATED, BRIGHT-EYES! I DIDN'T GIVE YOU **ALL** THE INFORMATION...AND I'M OUT TO WIN THIS CONTEST...**AT ANY COST!**



Later...

WELCOME HOME FROM THE MINES, FATHER!

HELLO, DEBBIE! UH...YOU HAVE A **BOOK** ON YOUR HEAD!



NATCH, DAD! I'M A **MODEL!**

FOR WHAT? A **BOOK-END?**

DEBBIE IS GOING TO BE IN THE **P.T.A. FASHION SHOW**, GEORGE!

HOW **JOLLY!** HAS ANY-ONE ESTIMATED WHAT **THIS** VENTURE WILL COST ME?

ALL I NEED IS A **NEW BATHING SUIT**, DAD!



ANOTHER ONE? DOESN'T LAST YEAR'S SUIT STILL FIT YOU?

OH, BUT DAD... I NEED SOMETHING **REALLY EYE-CATCHING AND EXCLUSIVE!** SOMETHING LIKE **THIS!**

TWENTY-FIVE BUCKS! WHY, FOR **THAT** MONEY, THEY SHOULD THROW IN A **SWIMMING POOL!**

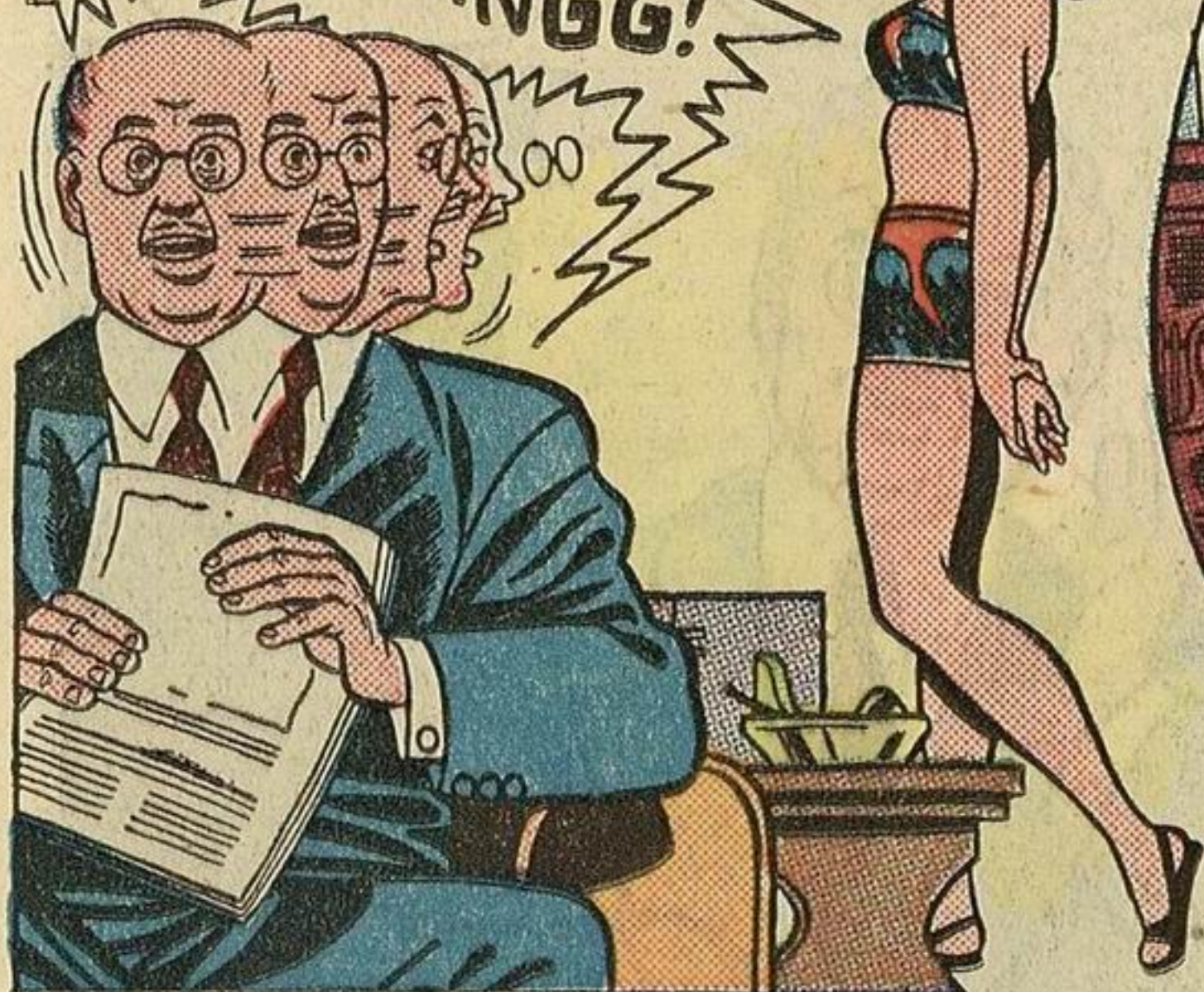


HUMPH...WITH **THAT** THING ON, THERE'LL BE MORE OF YOU **OUT** OF THE SUIT THAN **IN** IT! BUT HERE...HERE'S YOUR MONEY! **GO AHEAD AND BUY THAT PEN-WIPER!**



WELL, THEN...DON'T I LOOK SORTA **HUBBA-HUBBA?**

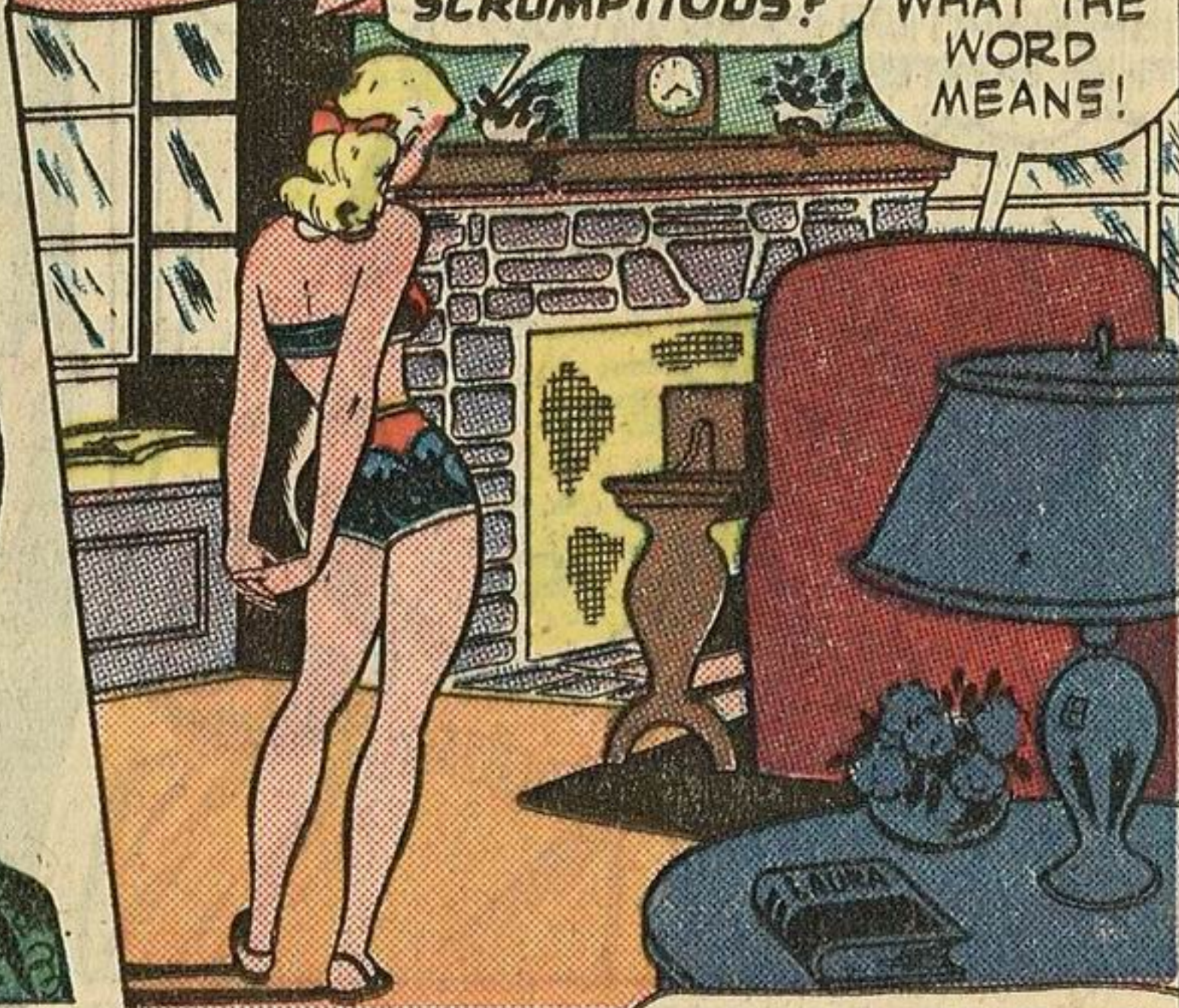
BAWOINGG!



The next night...

OH, DAD... DON'T I LOOK **SCRUMPTIOUS?**

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE WORD MEANS!



TAKE THAT OFF! I MEAN...**PUT SOMETHING ON!**...I MEAN...NO DAUGHTER OF **MINE** IS GOING TO GALLIVANT IN SUCH A STATE OF...

SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR, DAD!

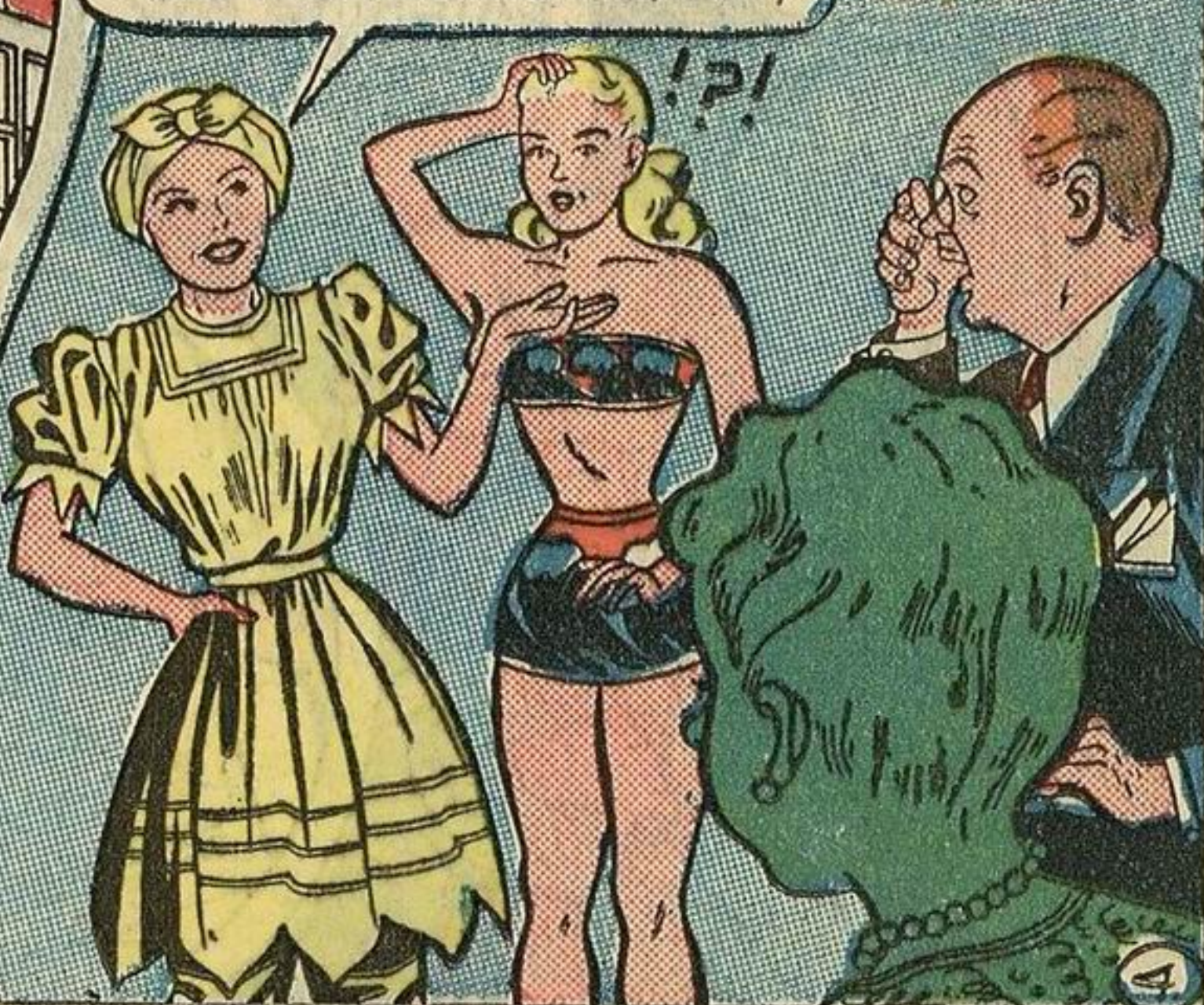
RING!



YIPE! OH, IT'S YOU, HOLLY! GOING TO A **MASQUERADE?**



I JUST SNEAKED ACROSS THE BACK YARD TO SHOW YOU **MY** BATHING SUIT FOR THE FASHION SHOW!



HARUMPH! CAN'T YOU GIRLS GET TOGETHER ON A **HAPPY MEDIUM?**

HOLLY, **WHATEVER** MADE YOU CHOOSE SUCH AN OUTFIT?

WHY, **DEBBIE**... DIDN'T YOU **KNOW?** ALL THE GIRLS ARE WEARING SUITS FROM THE 1890'S... IT'S GOING TO BE A **NOVELTY** FASHION SHOW!

HA-HA! HO-HO!... C'MON, **DEBBIE**... GRANDMA'S GOT A SIMPLY **GROOVY** SUIT IN HER ATTIC TRUNK!

HAW-HAW! VERY CHIQUE, **DEBBIE**! ALL YOU NEED IS A PARASOL AND A SET OF WATER-WINGS! **HA-HA!**

At the show!

I DON'T KNOW **WHY** I WAS DRAGGED TO THIS CLAMBAKE!

SHUT UP, YOU OLD SCROOGE!

UHH-WHAT WERE YOU SAYING, **MRS. VAN SCHUYLER?**

SAY! THIS REMINDS ME OF THAT SUMMER AT OLD POINT COMFORT!

OH, **HEAVENS!** DID WE REALLY LOOK THAT SILLY IN THOSE DAYS?

GOLLY, DEBBIE LOOKS CHARMING! I'LL BET SHE WINS THE PRIZE, KEWPIE!

OH, YEAH? WELL, I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE SHE DOESN'T WIN!

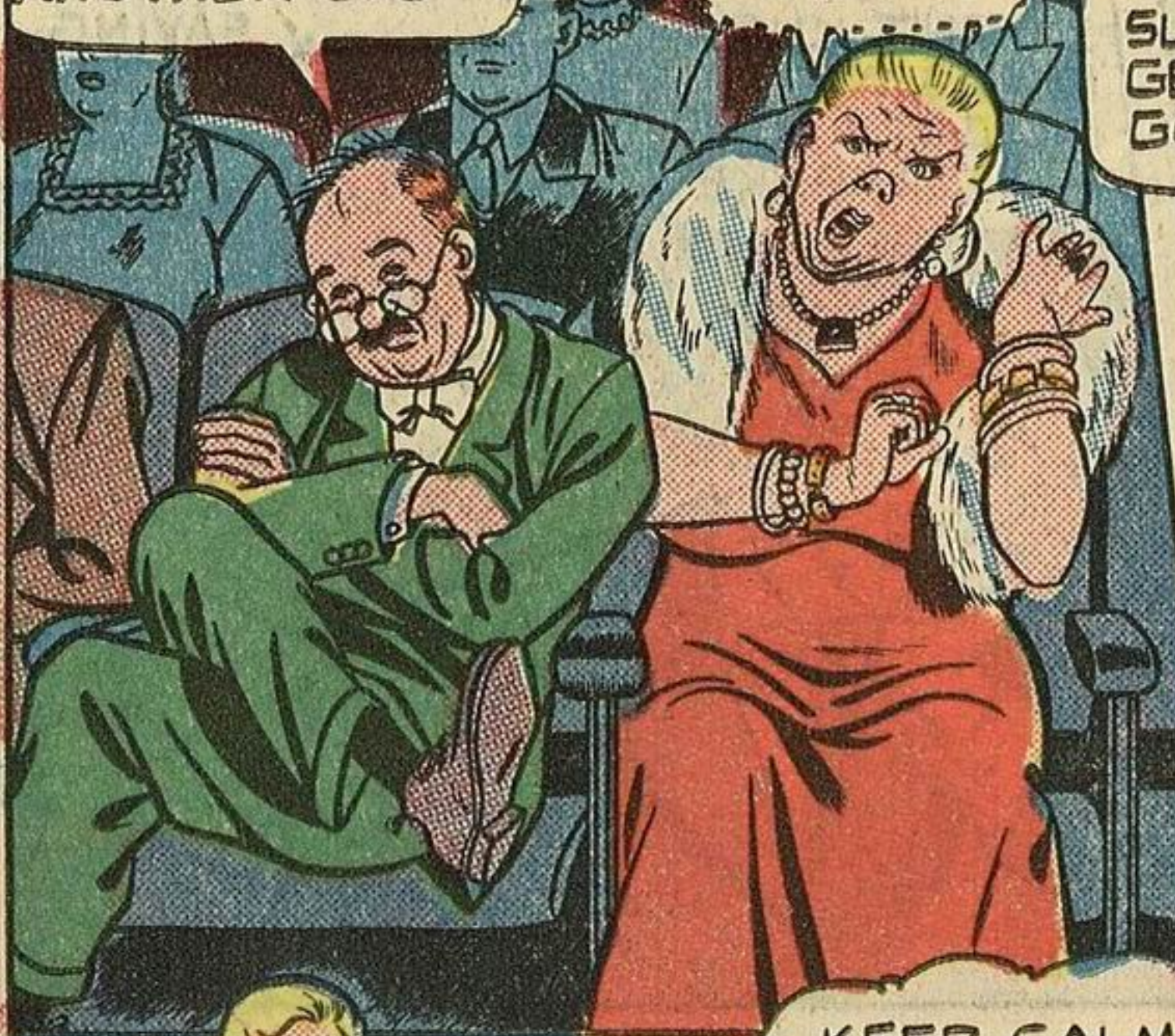
SHE DOESN'T KNOW HER SUIT'S UNRAVELLING! I'LL JUST HOLD THESE TWO LOOSE THREADS UNTIL SHE GETS TO THE MIDDLE OF THE STAGE...AND THEN START **PULLING!** INSTEAD OF BEING GRACEFUL, SHE'LL BECOME **DISGRACEFUL!**



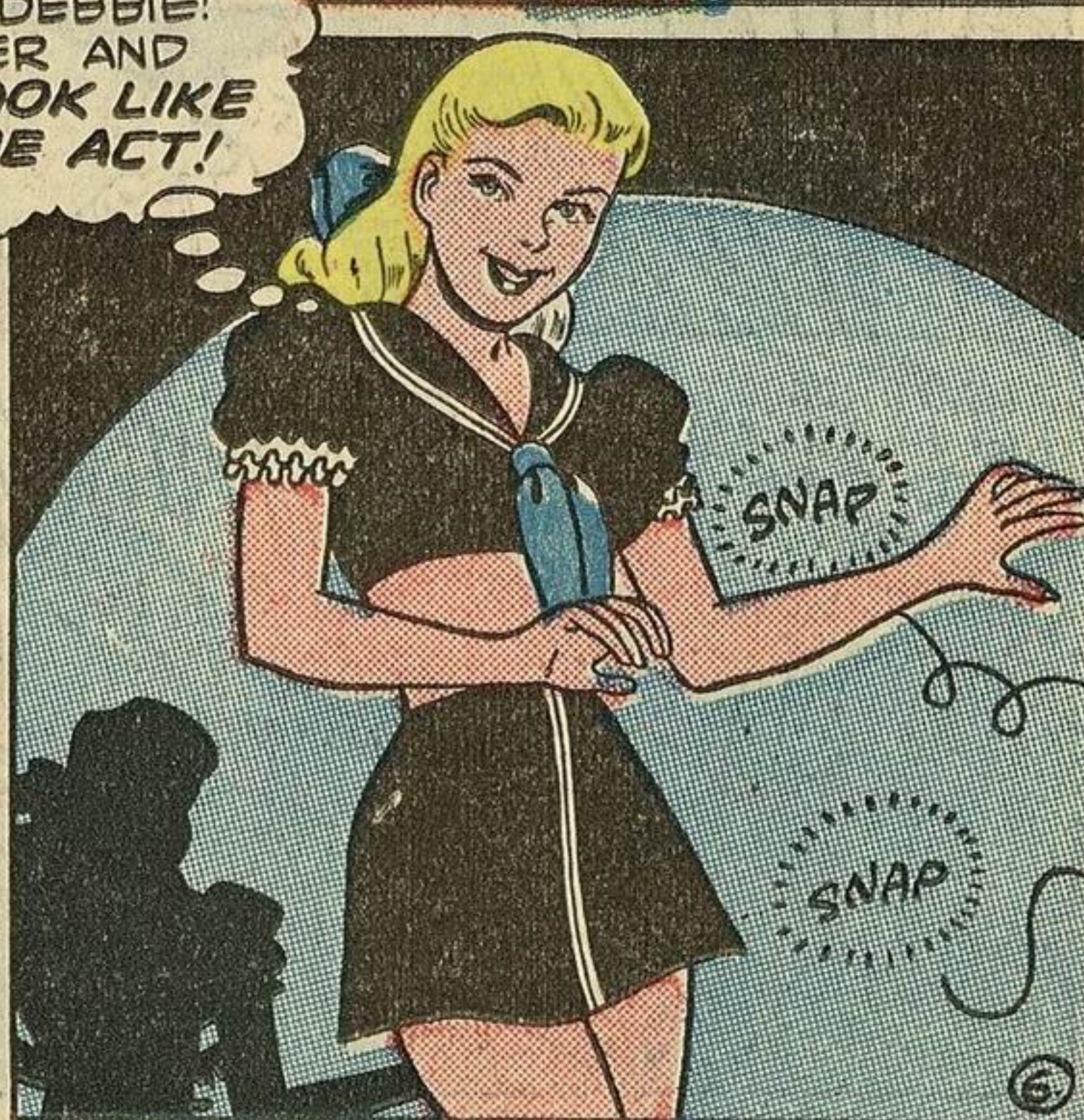
OH, ME! HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE!

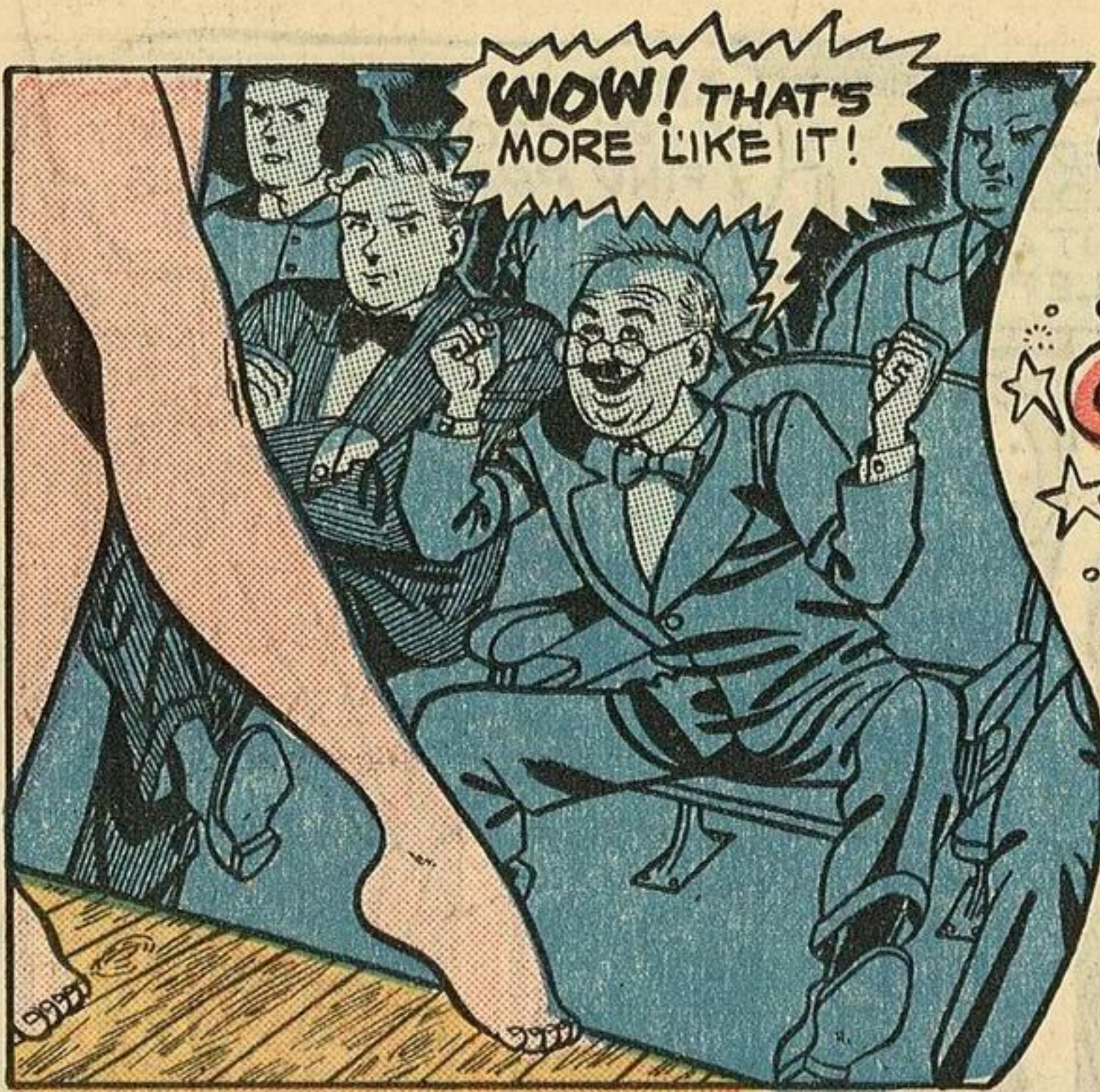
QUIET, YOU WORM!

EEK! **GEORGE!** WHAT'S HAPPENING TO OUR DAUGHTER'S BATHING SUIT? IT'S **SHRINKING**...ER... GETTING SMALLER... I'M GOING TO **FAINT!**



KEEP CALM, DEBBIE! BE A TROUPEUR AND **MAKE IT LOOK LIKE PART OF THE ACT!**





WOW! THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!



WHY, YOU LOW-DOWN...

CRACK!

WHIZZ

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THE JUDGES HAVE UNANIMOUSLY SELECTED **DEBBIE** AS THE **WINNER**! HER CLEVER SHOWMANSHIP HAS ENDED AN **OLD-FASHIONED** SHOW ON A **MODERN** NOTE...AND PROVED THAT THERE'S ONLY A **FEW STITCHES DIFFERENCE** BETWEEN **GRANDMA'S TIME** AND **OURS**!



The next night...

DEBBIE, THESE BOXES! HAVE YOU BEEN SHOPPING AGAIN?



WHY, YES, DAD, I...

WELL, YOUR **CLOTHES** EXTRAVAGANCE HAS GOT TO CEASE! IT'S GETTING SO I CAN JUST ABOUT KEEP YOU IN **MOTH BALLS**!



7

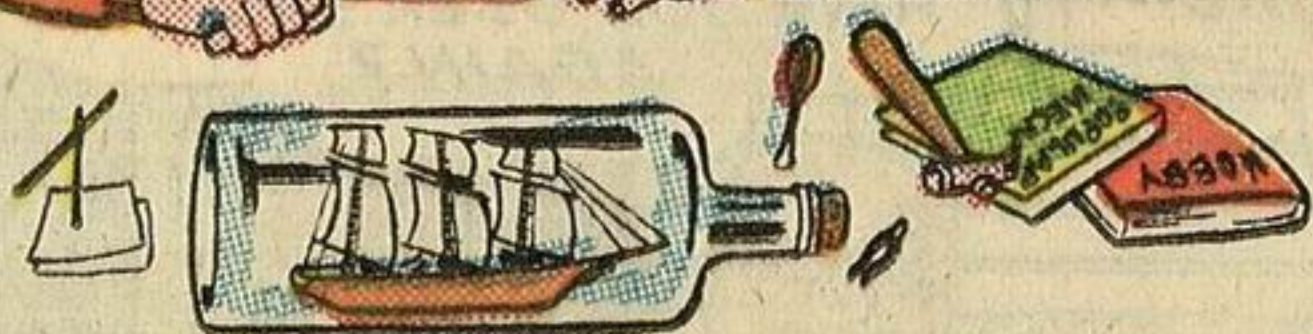
OH, BUT DAD, THIS IS ALL **FOR FREE**! MY **PRIZE** AT THE SHOW LAST NIGHT...A **COMPLETE NEW SUMMER WARD-ROBE**!



WATCH FOR DEBBIE'S NEXT HILARIOUS ADVENTURE!

TEEN-TALES

NOW THAT YOU'RE FINISHED, SON, HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET IT OUT OF THE BOTTLE?



ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER...BUT I FIND PRESENTS BRING BETTER RESULTS!

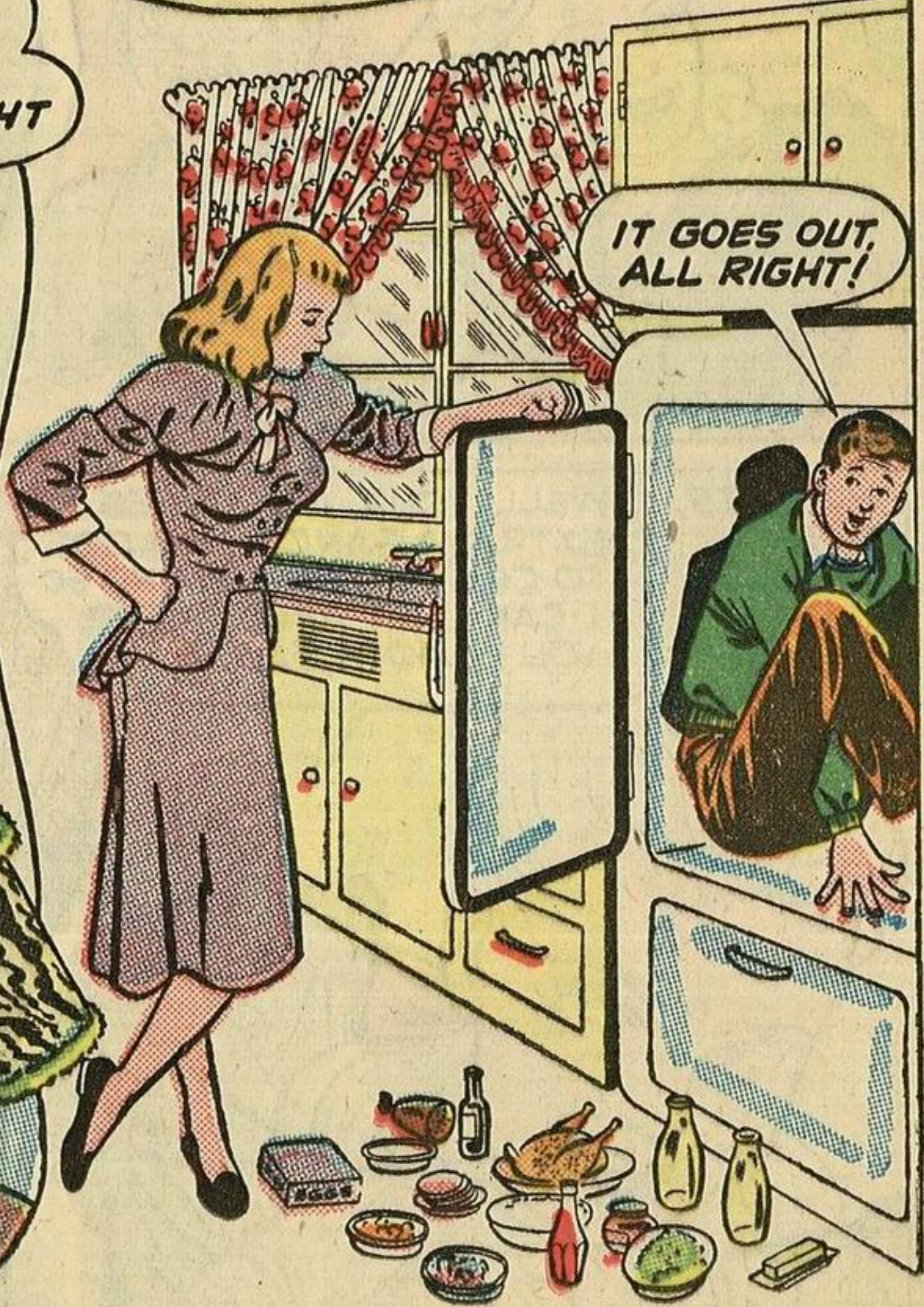


YES, GEORGE DID STAY LATE AGAIN, DAD ...I WAS SHOWING HIM MY PHOTO ALBUM!

WELL, THE NEXT TIME HE STAYS LATE, SHOW HIM MY ELECTRIC LIGHT BILLS!



IT GOES OUT, ALL RIGHT!



Killer O'TOOLE

IT was about nine o'clock at night when Cookie came home. He opened the front door stealthily, drew in his breath to flatten himself, and slid noiselessly into the house.

"Good evening, son," said Mr. O'Toole pleasantly. "Did you have a good time?"

Arching his mouth into a nasty sneer, Cookie leered at his father. "Button yer lip!" he ordered. Then he went to the living room window, flexed the blinds so that he could peer into the street and stood for a moment, breathing hard.

"What did you say to your father?" Mrs. O'Toole demanded, a shocked note in her voice.

"Quiet, you!" Cookie managed to growl this speech in a very low register. "One yap outta you an' it gives *lead*!"

Mrs. O'Toole looked at Mr. O'Toole. Mr. O'Toole looked at Mrs. O'Toole. Then the bewildered parents shrugged their shoulders helplessly. What on earth was wrong with their son?

"Cookie, dear, don't you feel well?" his mother asked.

"I don't like squawkin' pigeons, see? So clam up!" Cookie threw a disdainful look at his poor mother and walked out of the living room into the kitchen.

"What's he doing in there?" Mrs. O'Toole whispered to Cookie's father. "Our boy is acting very strangely tonight."

"Very strangely," Pop agreed. "Suppose we go take a look."

Nervously, the two parents tiptoed toward the kitchen door. When they peeped into the kitchen, they saw Cookie sitting at the table, a huge breadknife in his hand. At first, Cookie seemed to be twitching all over. He kept sniffing, too.

"Oh, dear, I hope he hasn't caught cold!" his mother fretted.

"Somehow I don't think it's as simple as that," Pop said. "Look at him *now*!"

Indeed Cookie was well worth looking at. For he had taken the breadknife in his hand and was sharpening it, slowly, methodically sharpening it. As he sharpened, he twitched some more.

"Son, what are you doing with that knife?" Mr. O'Toole could contain himself no longer.

When Cookie looked at his father, there was no light of recognition in his eyes. He continued to sharpen the knife as he stared coldly at Pop. Then he opened his mouth, holding his lips taut. "Blow!" he warned.

Mrs. O'Toole couldn't bear it any longer. She was almost in tears. Her very own boy, once so good and sweet, had developed into some sort of . . . of . . . *maniac*!

"I'll call Angelpuss," she cried. "Perhaps *she* knows something about this!"

Frantically, she dialed the Witherspoon home. Mr. O'Toole hovered about, trying to conceal his nervousness.

"Angelpuss? Oh Angelpuss dear, this is Cookie's mother!" said Mrs. O'Toole, crying into the telephone. "Angelpuss, what's wrong with my boy?"

Angelpuss spoke so loudly, that Mr. O'Toole could hear her. "Gosh," she said, "you've got me, Mrs. O'Toole! All I know is Cookie and I went to the Bijou tonight to see the new movie. It was swell. And Cookie was fine until we left the movie. Honest he was, Mrs. O'Toole!"

"What happened, dear?"

"Well, we got out on the sidewalk and Cookie twisted my arm!"

"He *what*?" Mr. O'Toole yelled, forgetting that he wasn't on the phone.

"He twisted my arm!" Angelpuss repeated. "Then he put his hand on my back and shoved me away!"

"This is incredible!" Mr. O'Toole was almost dancing with rage.

"He made his mouth kind of small and tight and said, 'G'wan home! Beat it! Ya kin take care o' yerself, babe!' And his voice was so low and growly, sort of!"

"Oh, my boy, my poor boy!" Mrs. O'Toole was really in tears.

"Pull yourself together, mother," said Mr. O'Toole gently, taking the phone from her hand. Then he spoke to Angelpuss. "By the way," he asked, "what was the picture you saw at the Bijou?"

"Oh, that?" Angelpuss stopped and thought for a moment. "It was a gangster picture, Mr. O'Toole.

The name of it was 'It's Murder!'"

"You don't say!" said Mr. O'Toole thoughtfully. "Now *that* gives me an idea. Thank you very much, Angelpuss. Goodnight."

The following morning, Mr. O'Toole paid a visit to Mr. Clark, the manager of the Bijou Movie House. They had a hurried conference, and when Mr. O'Toole left, he was smiling. He came straight home and shouted for Cookie.

"Yeah?" Cookie asked, flipping a coin into the air.

"Son," said Mr. O'Toole, "I want you to take this half-dollar and go to the Bijou. I want you to see the new picture *three times*. Then you may come home!"

It was almost nightfall when Cookie returned. His mother and father watched his entrance nervously. Had anything changed? It certainly had!

Cookie threw the front door wide open, swaggered in looking as bow-legged as he could, grabbed his mom around the waist, kissed her heartily and said in a mellow voice, "How's muh best gal?" Then he gripped his father's hand and shook it manfully. "An' how's muh pappy?"

"We're fine, son! Just *fine*!" Mr. and Mrs. O'Toole laughed in great relief.

As Cookie swaggered out of the room, Pop patted his chest proudly and said, "I got Mr. Clark to change the bill. They're showing a *western* now!"

And from the kitchen came Cookie's voice, singing, "Oooh, give me a home . . . where the buffalo roam . . ."

COOKIE



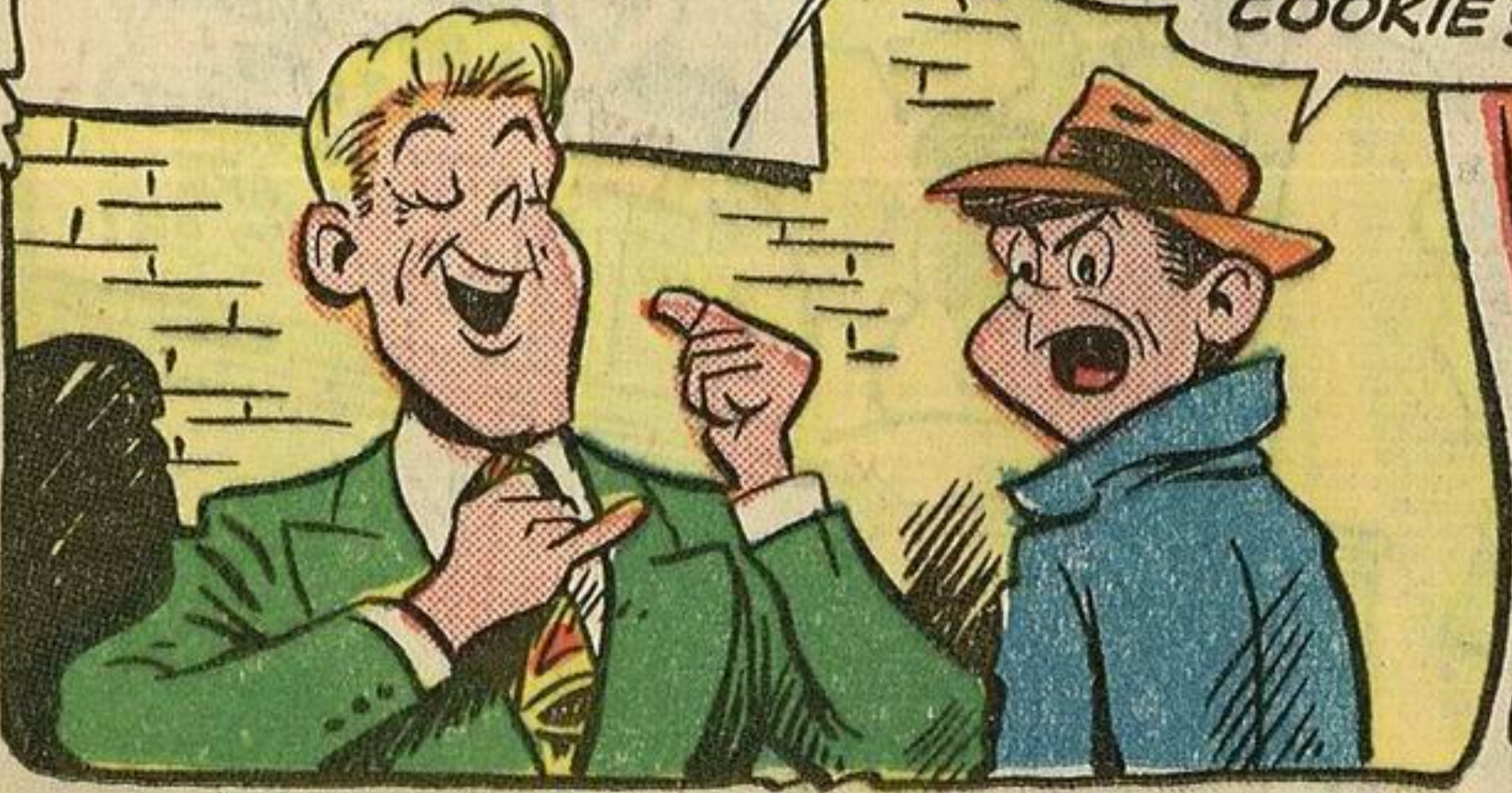
ALL OUT FOR
The HARELIP HIGH
 COSTUME BALL!
 \$100 GRAND PRIZE
 - for -
 MOST ORIGINAL
 COUPLE!

THAT'S MY MEAT, SON!
 I'M GONNA DRAG
 ANGELPUSS! WE CAN
 MAKE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC
 TOGETHER... AN' COP
 THAT PRIZE!

PRETTY SURE OF
 YERSELF, HUH, ZOOT?
 AREN'T YA FORGETTIN'
 COOKIE?

COOKIE? THAT
 HALF-PINT? WHY,
 I'LL SHOVE HIM
 OUTA THE RUNNIN'
 LIKE...

HEY...
 HERE
 HE IS
 NOW!
 LOOK!





WALKIN' ON CLOUDS, HUH, PAL? WOT GIVES?

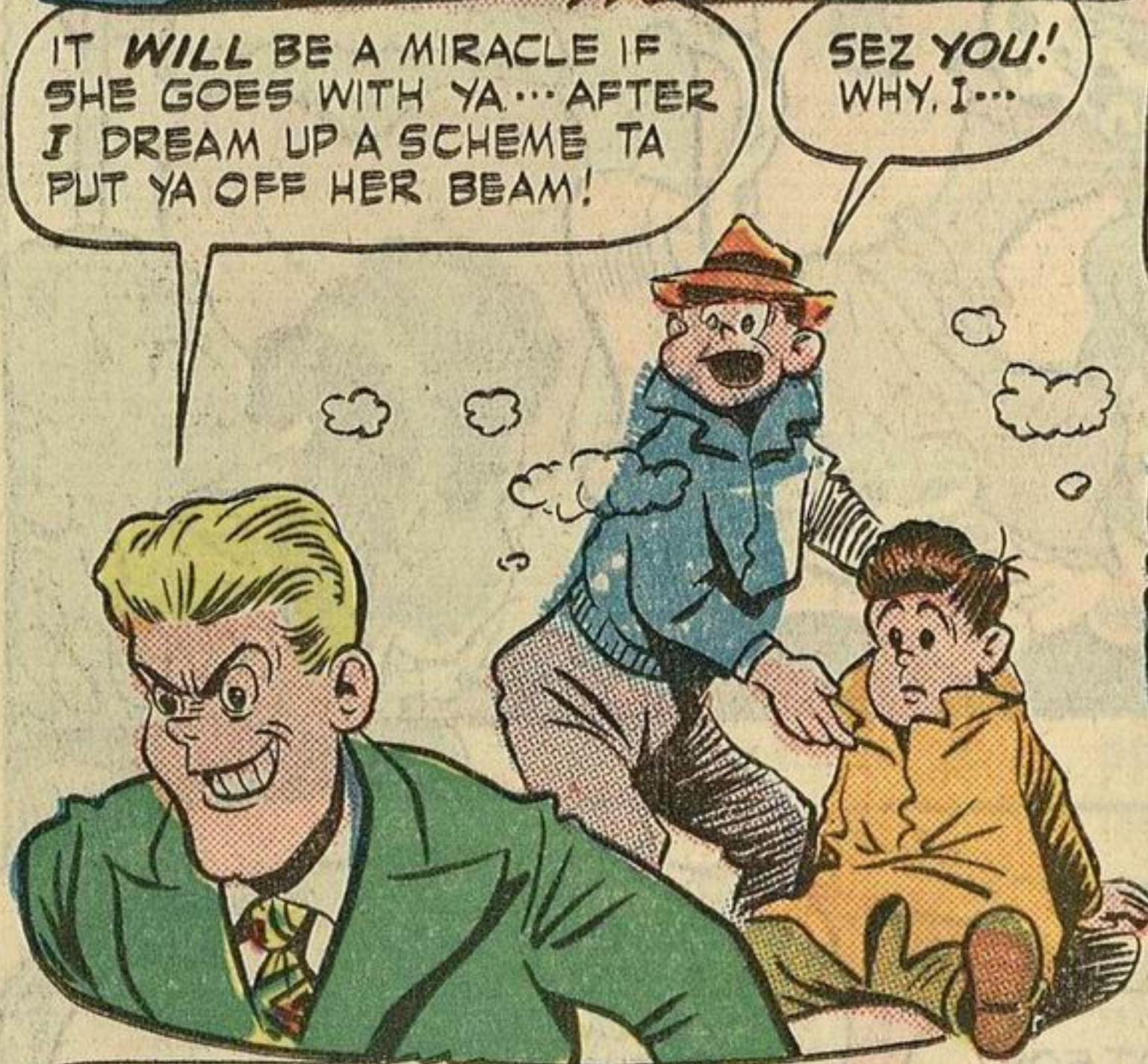
I JUST ASKED ANGELPUSS TO THE COSTUME BALL... AN' SHE SAID YES! IT'S LIKE A MIRACLE!

OH, YEAH? WHY, YOU...



HEY!

WHOOSH!



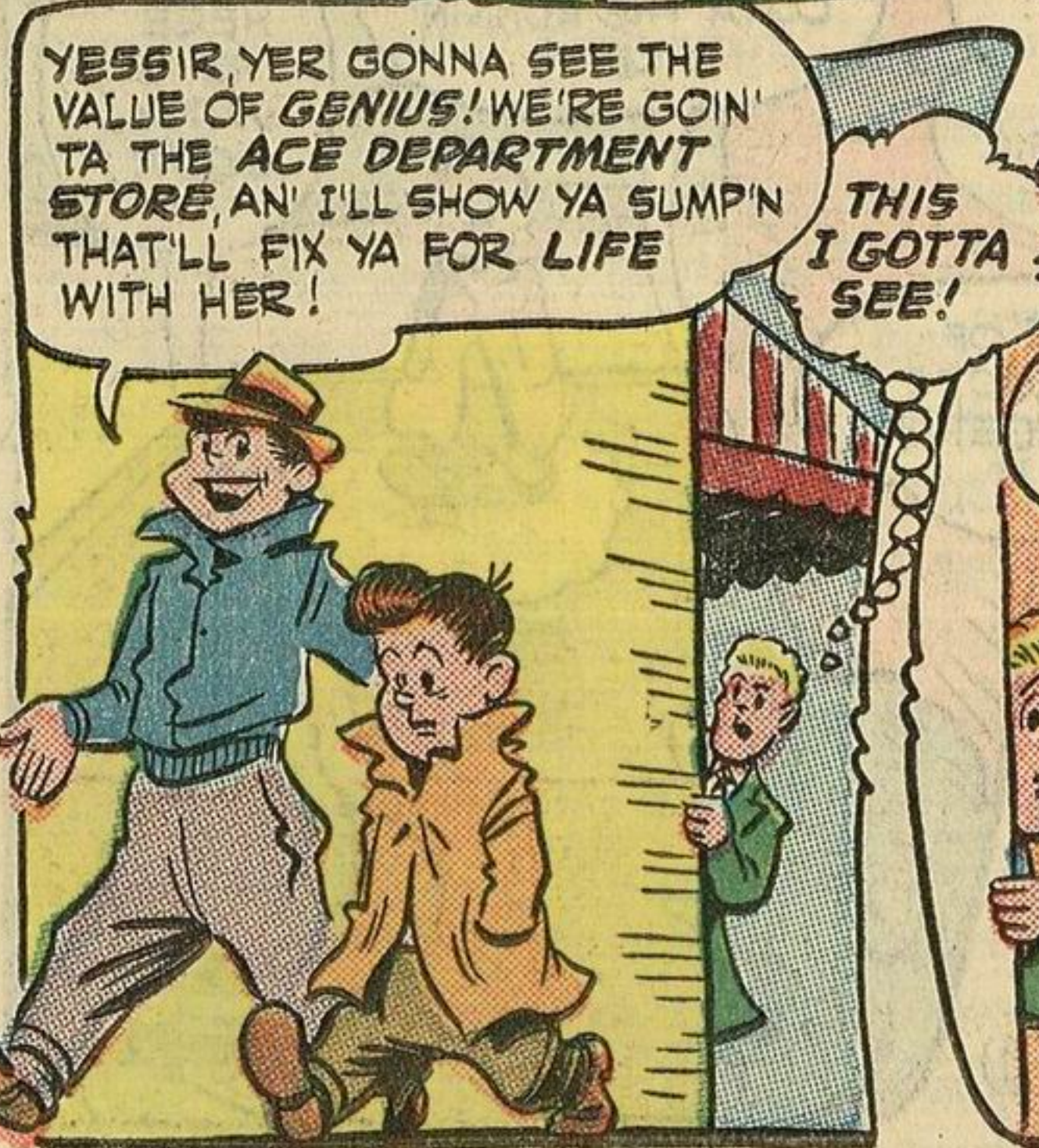
IT *WILL* BE A MIRACLE IF SHE GOES WITH YA... AFTER I DREAM UP A SCHEME TA PUT YA OFF HER BEAM!

SEZ YOU! WHY, I...



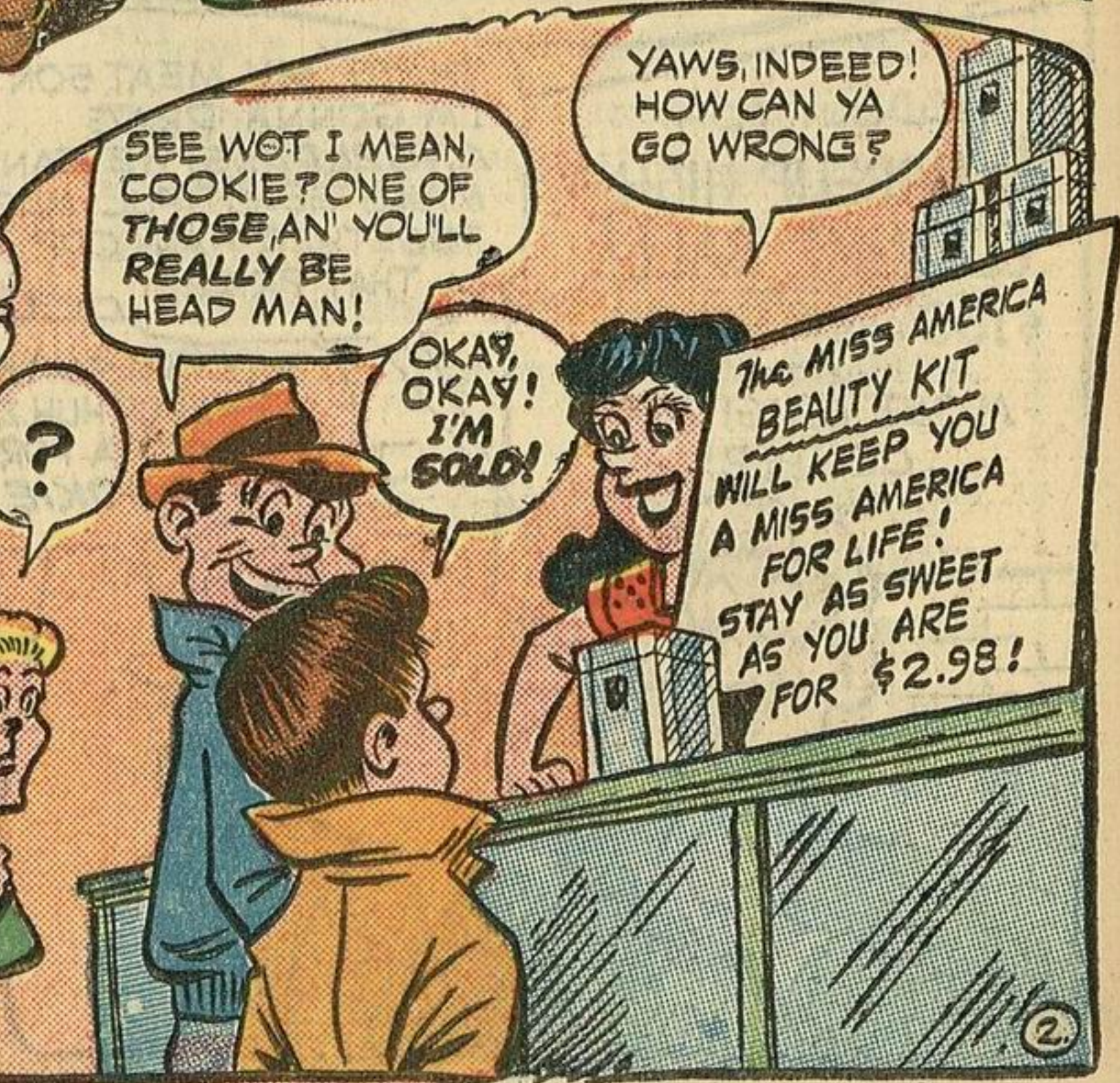
HOLD IT, JITTERBUCK... I'M *WORRIED*! SUPPOSE HE *DOES* COAX HER INTO DITCHIN' ME... YA KNOW HOW *CHANGE-ABLE* DAMES CAN BE!

FOR WHICH I GOT AN *IDEA*! YER INSURANCE IS TA SET YER-SELF IN *SOLID* WITH THAT CHICK... AN' I KNOW HOW! C'MON!



YESSIR, YER GONNA SEE THE VALUE OF *GENIUS*! WE'RE GOIN' TA THE *ACE DEPARTMENT STORE*, AN' I'LL SHOW YA SUMP'N THAT'LL FIX YA FOR *LIFE* WITH HER!

THIS I GOTTA SEE!



SEE WOT I MEAN, COOKIE? ONE OF THOSE, AN' YOU'LL REALLY BE HEAD MAN!

YAWS, INDEED! HOW CAN YA GO WRONG?

OKAY, OKAY! I'M SOLD!

THE MISS AMERICA BEAUTY KIT WILL KEEP YOU A MISS AMERICA FOR LIFE! STAY AS SWEET AS YOU ARE FOR \$2.98!



SO THAT'S IT!

SOME FER YOUSE TOO, HAN' SOME?

WOW! THAT'S ALL I WANNA KNOW!



ER...NO, GORGEOUS! JUST TELL ME...WOT'S THE GIMMICK? WOT MAKES THIS STUFF WORK?

IT COMES IN TWO PARTS, LOVER BOY! A JAR O' CREAM AN' A BOTTLE O' LIQUID YA NEED TA WASH THE CREAM OFF...OTHERWISE IT'LL LEAVE YA SPOTTED UP LIKE A LEOPARD!



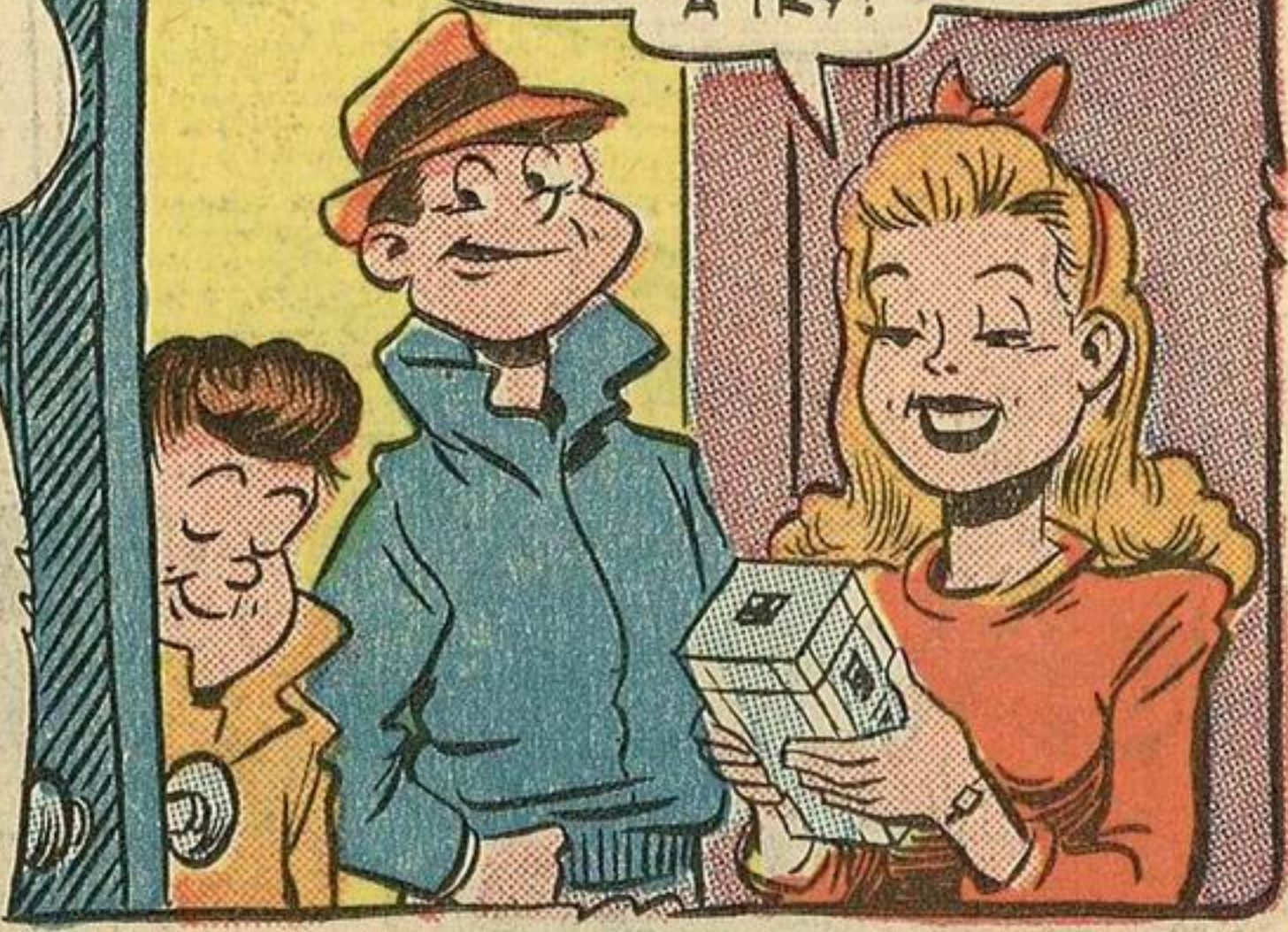
SO...LATE THAT NIGHT...

SLEEP ON, PRETTY BOY... WHILE I TAKE OUT THE DIRECTIONS AN' THAT BOTTLE O' LIQUID! ALL ANGELPUSS WILL HAFTA DO IS USE THE CREAM ALONE...AN' OH, BROTHER!



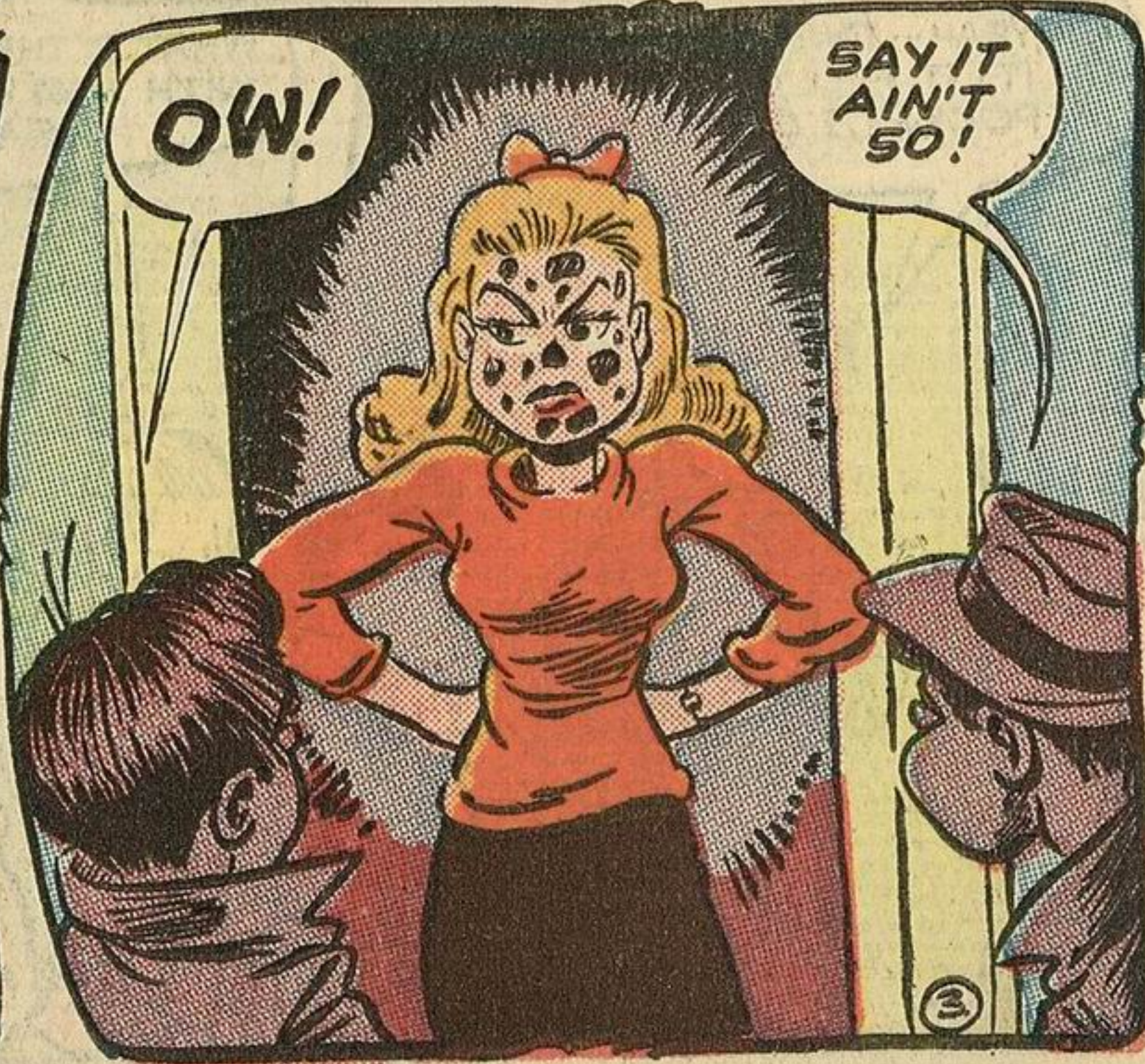
AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, IT'S DAY!...THE DAY OF THE COSTUME BALL!

OH, COOKIE...HOW SWEET! COME IN AND I'LL GIVE IT A TRY!



KID, YOU'RE MADE! YOU'RE...ULP!

EEEEEEK!



OW!

SAY IT AIN'T SO!

HEY, ANGELPUSS
...W-WAIT! NOT
THAT!

OW-WWW!

IF YOU'VE GOT A
BETTER IDEA, BROTHER,
YOU'D BETTER TALK
FAST!...THESE THINGS
WON'T WASH OFF!

WELL...ER...JUST LEAVE
THAT TA OL' JIT! I'LL TELL
YA WOT I'M GONNA
DO...



HERE I GOT A LITTLE BOOK
ENTITLED "WHAT TO DO IN CASE!"
AN' IN IT IS A CURE FOR ANYTHIN'
...UMMMM! SPOTS...SPOTS...
"SPOTS BEFORE THE
EYES"...!

THAT
CAN'T BE
IT...THAT'S
WOT I GOT!

UMMMM...OH, HERE WE ARE... "SPOTS
ON THE FACE"... "FIRST CALL THE..."
THE...THAT'S FUNNY, SEEMS THERE'S A
PAGE OR 50 MISSIN'!



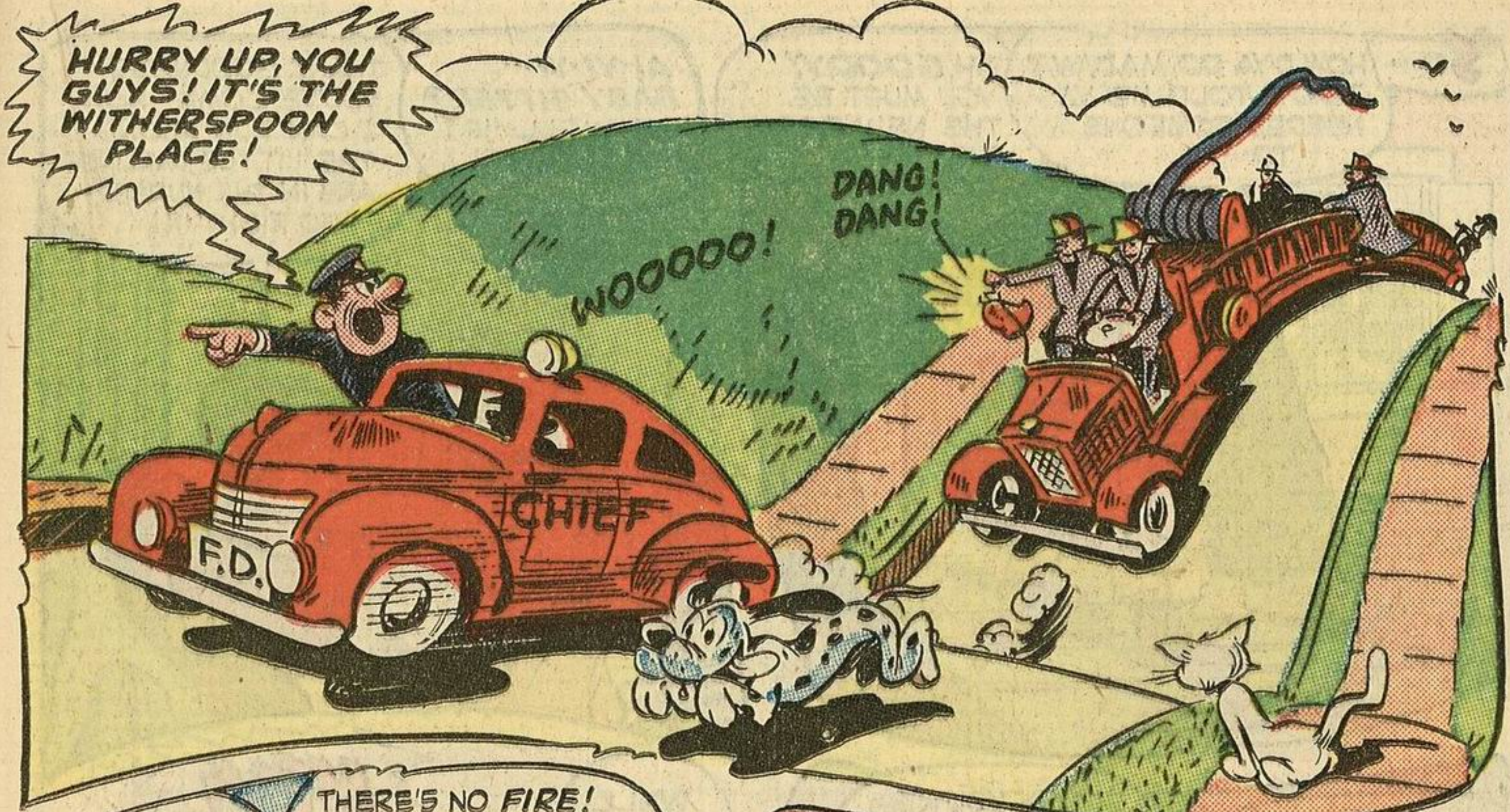
OH, YEAH... THIS MUST
BE IT! IT FELL OUT IN
MY POCKET, I GUESS!

WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH HIM? WHAT DOES
IT SAY?

IS THIS THE NEXT PAGE?
IT SAYS "CALL THE FIRE
DEPARTMENT!"...I DON'T
GET IT!

HELLO!
HELLO! IS
THIS THE
FIRE
DEPART-
MENT?





HURRY UP, YOU GUYS! IT'S THE WITHERSPOON PLACE!

WOOOOO!

DANG! DANG!

HERE WE ARE, CHIEF! WHERE'S THE FIRE?

THERE'S NO FIRE! I WUZ JUST SHOWIN' THE CHIEF WOT IT SEZ IN MY BOOK ABOUT WOT TA DO FOR SPOTS ON THE KISSER!

GR-RRRRR!
@*!!!*@

JIT, YOU ... YOU ... YOU ...

SAVE IT, COOKIE! YOU WERE IN A HURRY TA GET TA THE DRUGGIST ANYWAY!

HARDER!

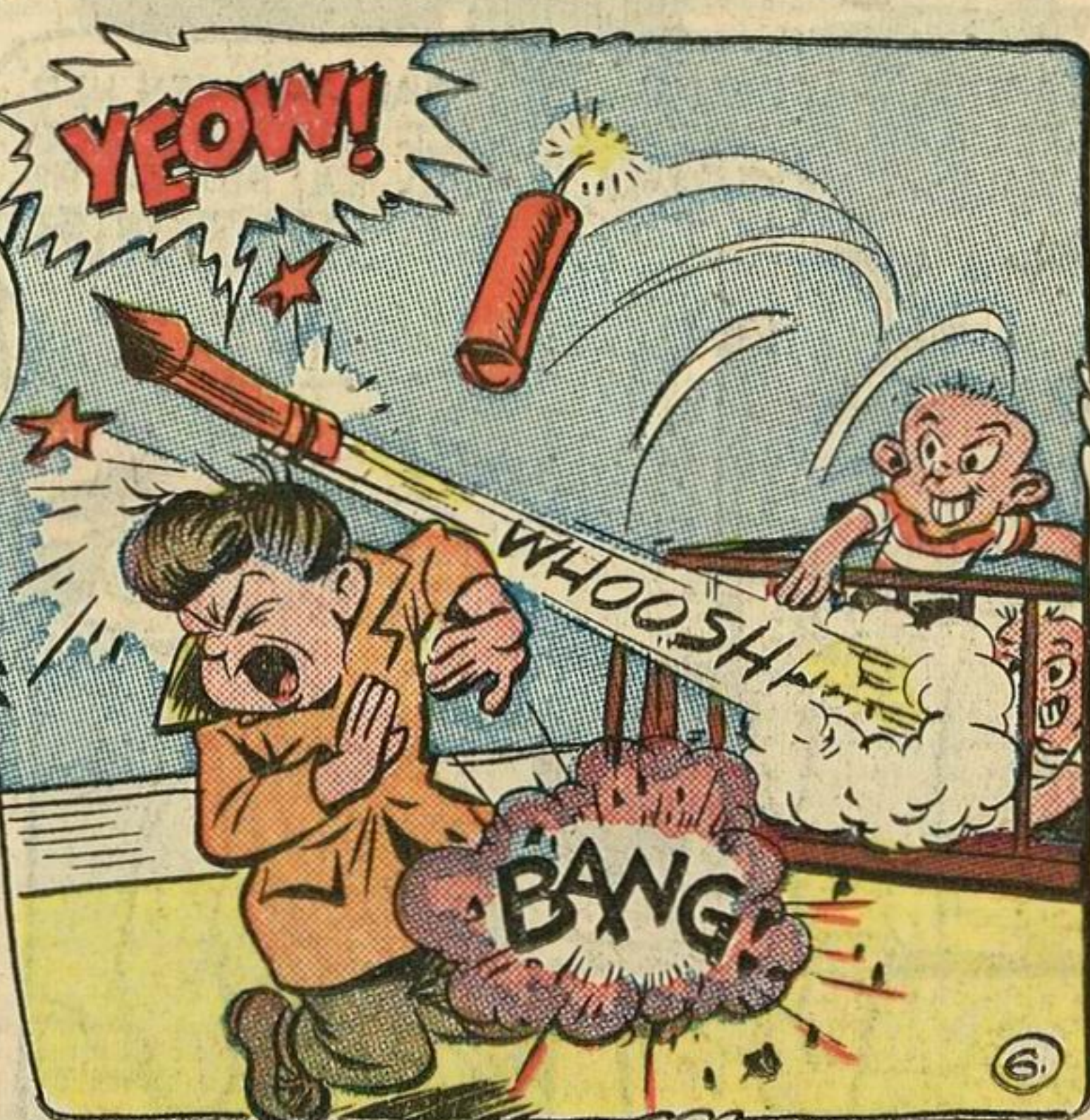
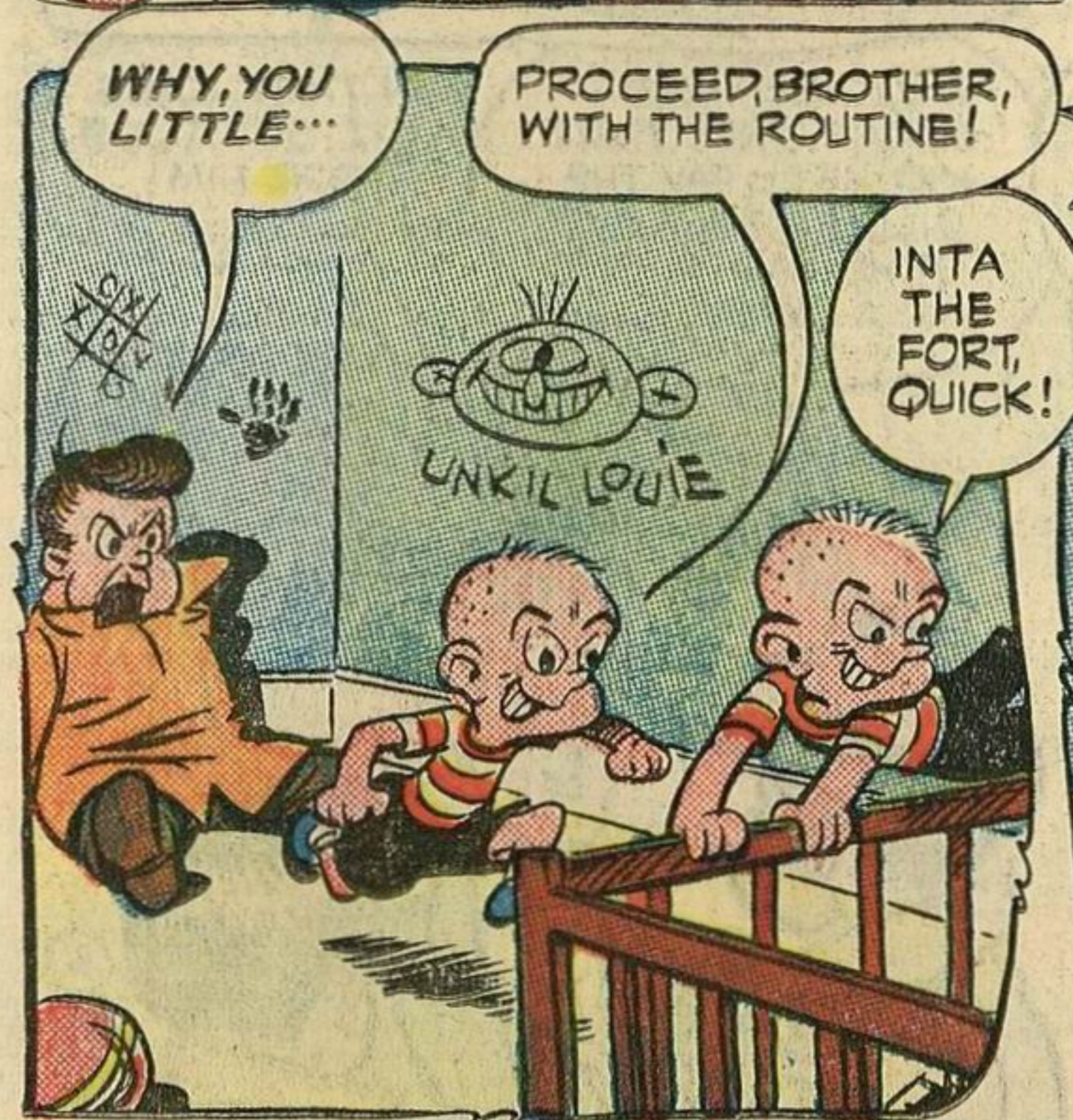
AFTER WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME, SON, I'D SAY CALL A DOCTOR!

YEAH, AN' WHEN HER OLD MAN GETS THE BILL, YOU BETTER BE 'WAY OUTA TOWN! SO SCRAM, SHRIMP ... SCRAM!

WHO ... COOKIE SCRAM? NOT THAT KID! HE'LL PAY THE BILL HIMSELF, EVEN IF HE HAS TA GET A JOB!

IN THAT CASE ... I GOT A JOB FOR HIM!

I'LL TAKE IT! ... WHERE DO I GO?





HIYA, COOKIE! THOUGHT I'D DROP BY AN'...HEY! WOT'S UP...A FIRE OR GUMP'N?

WORSE THAN THAT! I ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKED THE BRATS OUT!

WOW! NOW IT'S WORSE THAN EVER...THEY GOT A RASH TOO!...SPOTS!

HERE, GIMME THAT WET RAG! LET'S BRING 'EM TO, ANYWAY!

HEY, LOOK...THESE SPOTS ARE *PHONEY*! IT'S *PAINT*!...AN' I JUST SAW ZOOT DOWN THE STREET WITH A CAN OF PAINT!

ANGELPUSS WITH SPOTS...THESE BRATS WITH SPOTS...AN' ZOOT SAID HE'D PUT ME ON THE SPOT...!!

C'MON! WE'RE HEADIN' FOR ANGEL'S HOUSE...*FAST*!

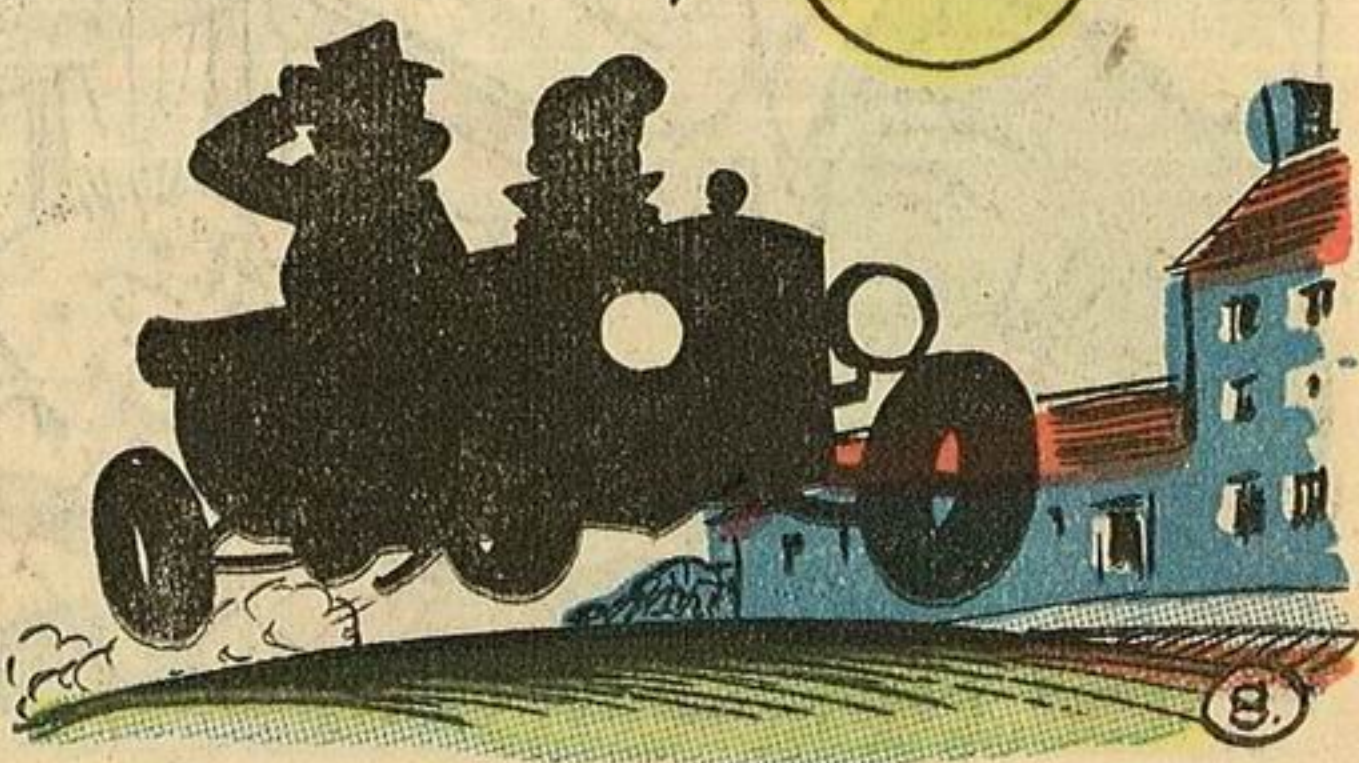
COME BACK! THIS JOINT'S QUARANTINED!

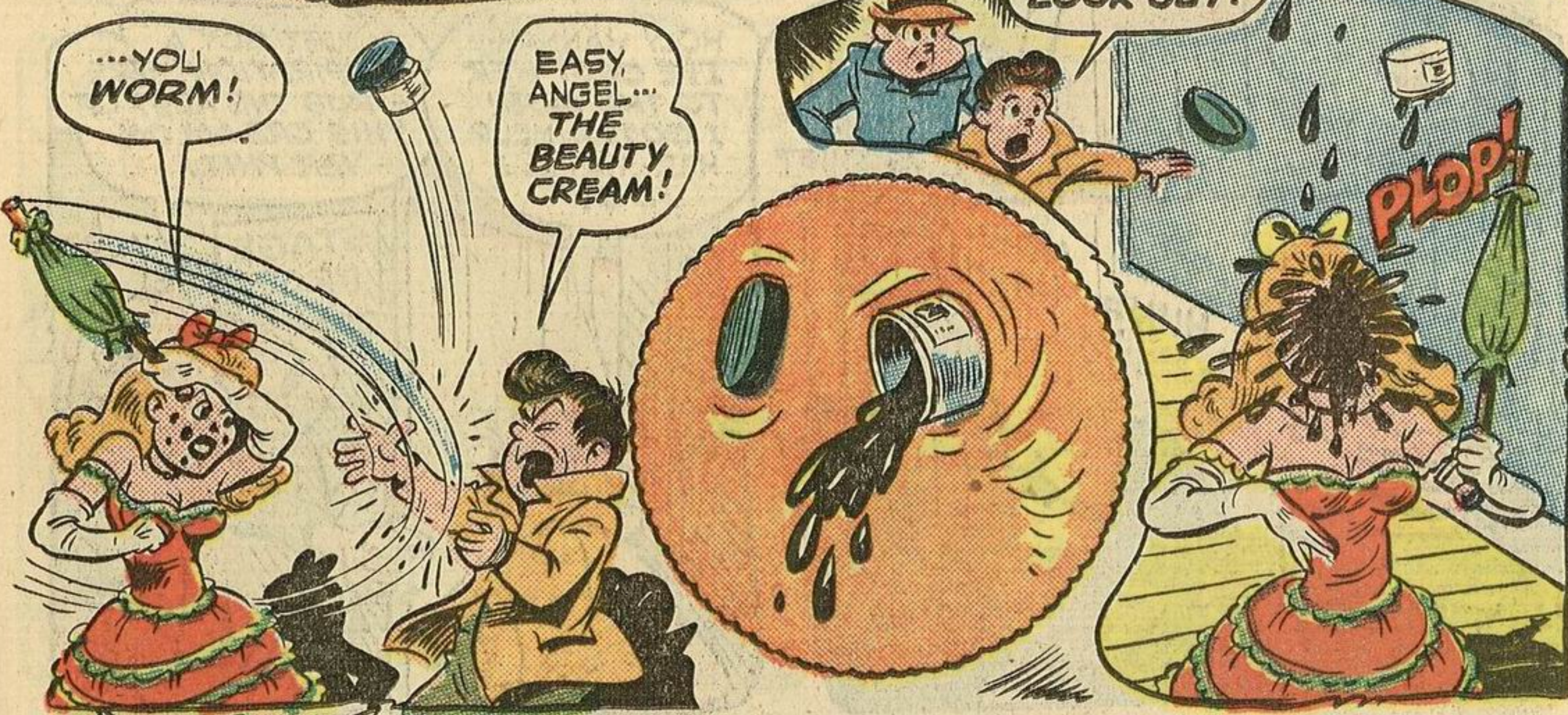
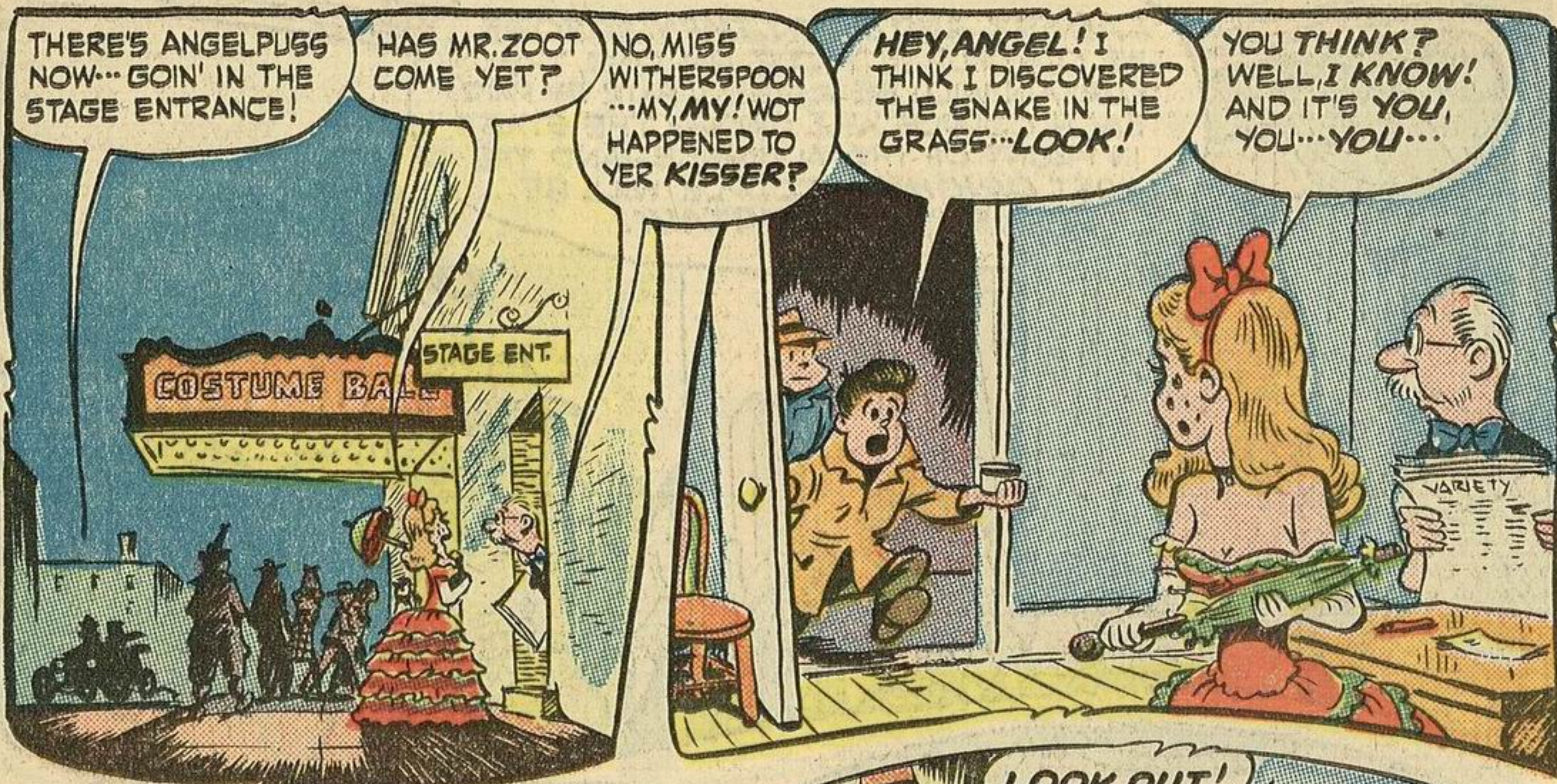
MISS ANGELPUSS JUST LEFT TO MEET MASTER ZOOT AT THE COSTUME BALL! HE PROMISED TO REMOVE HER SPOTS IF SHE'D MEET HIM THERE...THE SPOTS YOU CAUSED WITH *THIS*, YOU YOUNG BOUNDER!

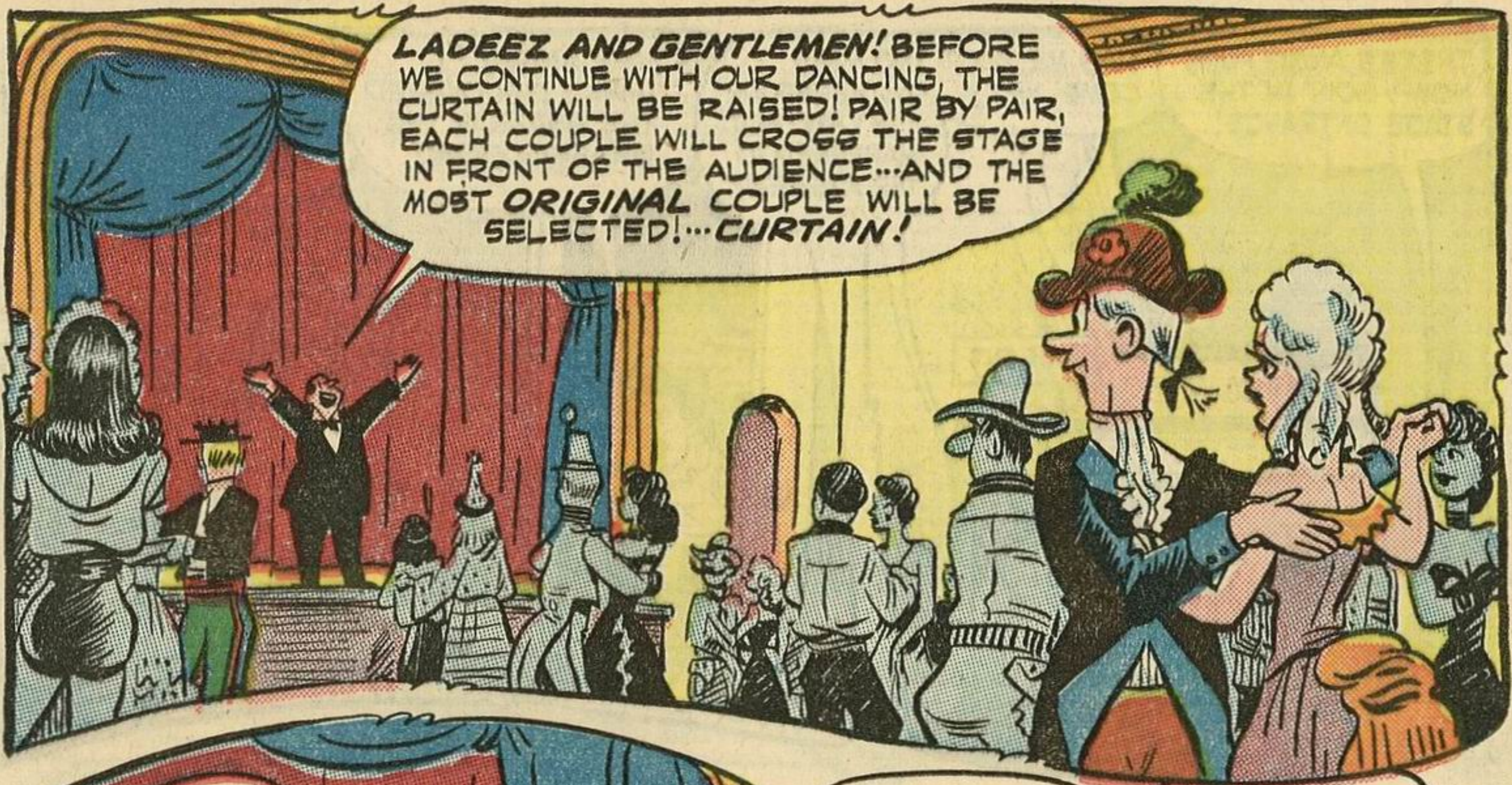
GIMME THAT, ARTHUR TREACHER! THAT'S *EVIDENCE*!

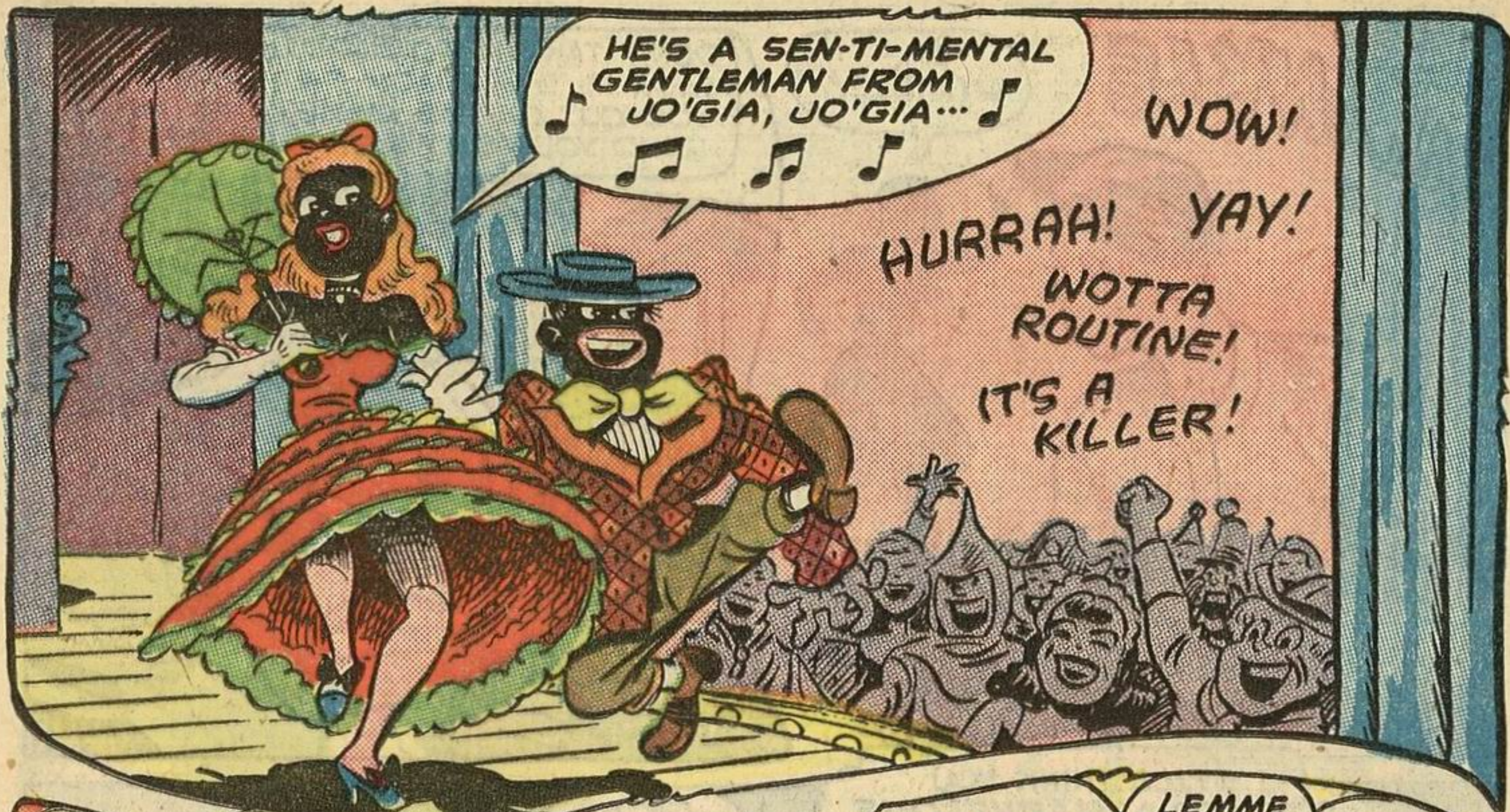
I WONDER IF THEY RAN OFF THE CONTEST FOR THE *MOST ORIGINAL COUPLE* YET!

THAT *WE* SHOULD WIN...FOR BEIN' THE MOST ORIGINAL COUPLE OF *DOPES*!









HE'S A SEN-TI-MENTAL
GENTLEMAN FROM
JO'GIA, JO'GIA...
♪ ♪ ♪

WOW!

HURRAH! YAY!
WOTTA
ROUTINE!
IT'S A
KILLER!



SO!

YEAH, THE RAT'S
CORNERED! OKAY,
ZOOT...TALK!

AWRIGHT...I'LL
CONFESS! I STOLE
THIS BOTTLE WITH
THE DIRECTIONS
OUTA THE BEAUTY
KIT! HERE...TAKE
'EM!



...AND ALL WE
HAVE TO DO IS
APPLY THIS
LIQUID...AND
THE BLACK
COMES OFF!

LEMME
AT 'IM!

HOLD IT,
COOKIE,
WHILE I DO
A LITTLE JOB
WITH THE REST
OF THE CREAM!
AN' BE SURE
TA USE ALL
THAT LIQUID!



...AND THE \$100 GRAND PRIZE FOR THE MOST
ORIGINAL COUPLE IS HEREBY AWARDED TO
MISS ANGELPUSS WITHERSPOON AND MR.
COOKIE O'TOOLE...FOR COMBINING THEIR
SPLENDID COSTUMES WITH THE MOST
ORIGINAL NOVELTY ACT EVER SEEN!

SPEAK UP, JIT...
WOT DID YOU
PUT ON MY
FOREHEAD?

HE'LL
FIND
OUT!

YEAH!
I'M
NEXT!

PUNCH
THIS

TWINKLE

OH,
JIMSIE!

DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, JIMSIE!
WHAT IF THE COACH *DID* TAKE
YOU OUT OF THE GAME AND
SEND YOU TO THE SHOWERS?

I *STILL* THINK YOU
PITCHED A *MARVELOUS*
GAME... AFTER ALL, NO ONE
HIT A SINGLE OFF YOU!

OR A
DOUBLE
EITHER!

AS A MATTER OF
FACT, NOT EVEN
A TRIPLE!

IF *ONLY* THEY
HADN'T HIT THOSE
SEVEN HOME
RUNS!

GLOOM

PICKLES



OKAY, GANG, TAKE TEN! DEBBIE, YOU WERE TERRIFIC!

DIRECTOR

SCRIPT
TEEN CLUB

AL HARTLEY

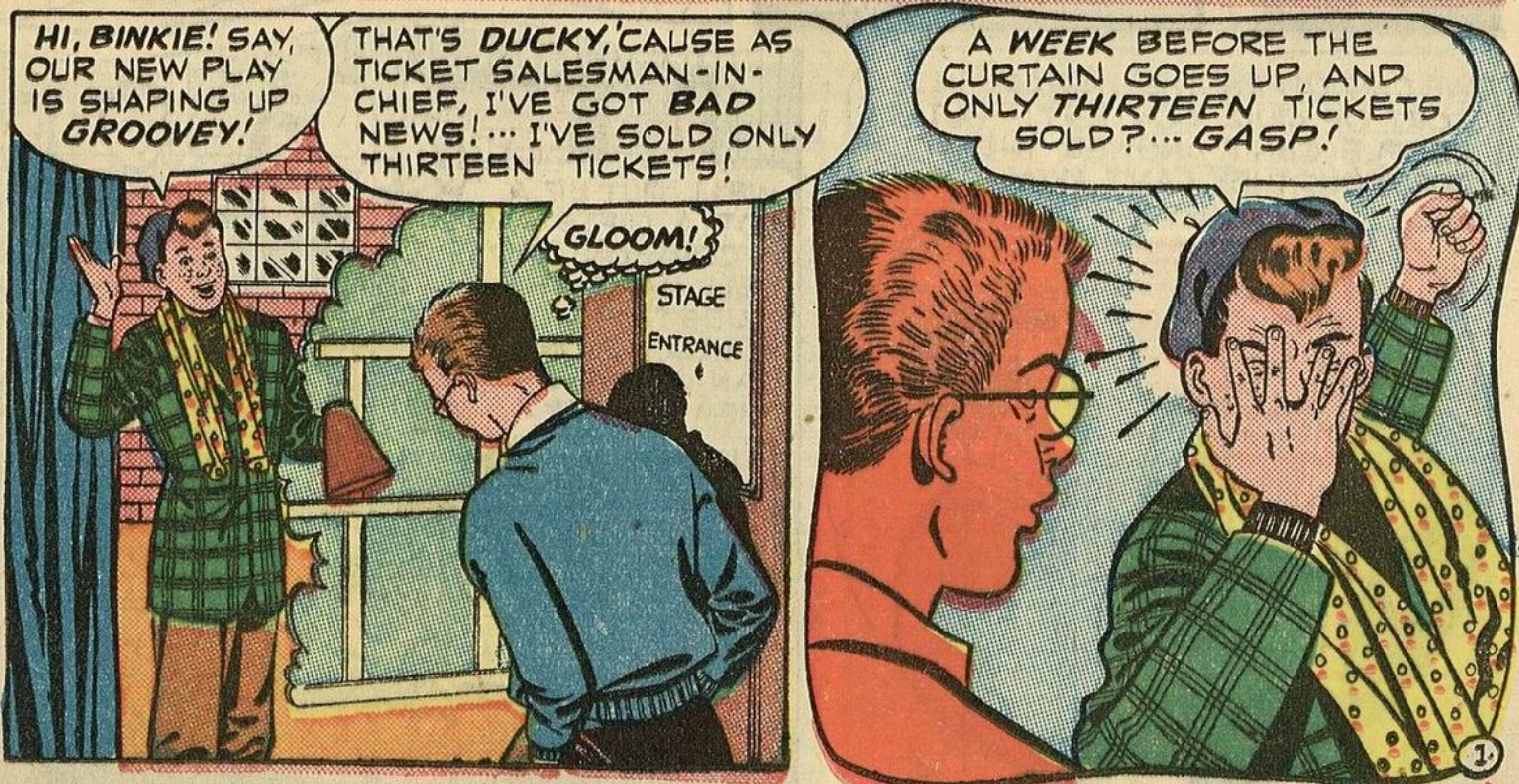
HI, BINKIE! SAY, OUR NEW PLAY IS SHAPING UP GROOVEY!

THAT'S DUCKY, 'CAUSE AS TICKET SALESMAN-IN-CHIEF, I'VE GOT BAD NEWS! ... I'VE SOLD ONLY THIRTEEN TICKETS!

GLOOM!

STAGE
ENTRANCE

A WEEK BEFORE THE CURTAIN GOES UP, AND ONLY THIRTEEN TICKETS SOLD? ... GASP!



I'M UP AGAINST **AWFUL PREJUDICE!** THE **WHOLE TOWN** REMEMBERS LAST YEAR...WHEN **ROMEO RAVELLI** PUT SNEEZING POWDER IN THE AIR-CONDITIONING UNIT! THEY'RE ALL AFRAID TO ATTEND **ANOTHER AFFAIR** LIKE THAT!



HMMM...I'M GONNA HAVE TO **SUPER-CHARGE** OUR SALES CAMPAIGN!

BUT...
HOW?



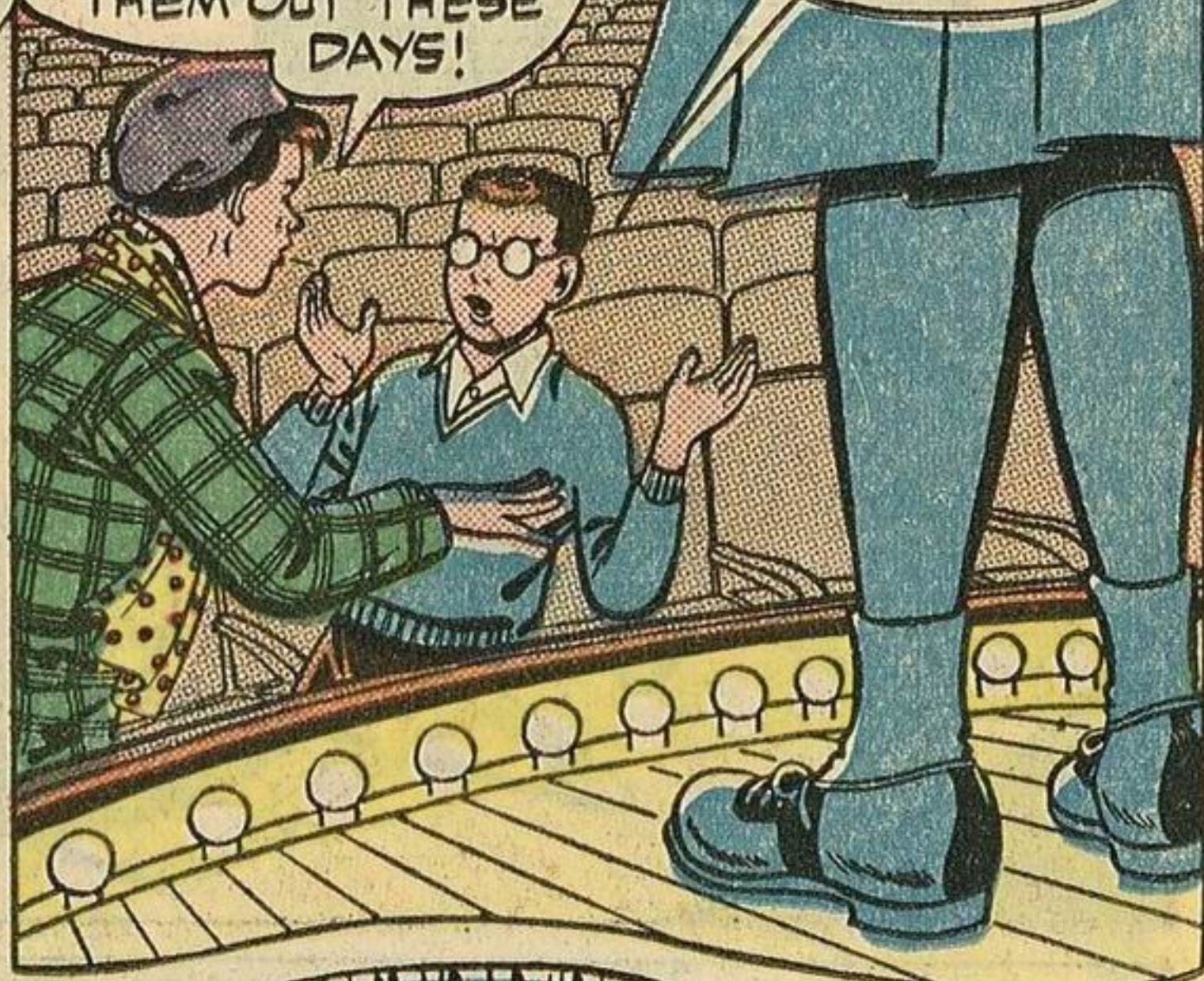
LISTEN, KIDS...WHAT'S THE BIGGEST THING IN RADIO TODAY? ...**GIFTS!** RIGHT?...LOOKIT **BANK NIGHT** AT THE MOVIES...AN' **BINGO!**

SO?



SO...YOU'VE GOT TO **GIVE** PEOPLE SOMETHING TO BRING THEM OUT THESE DAYS!

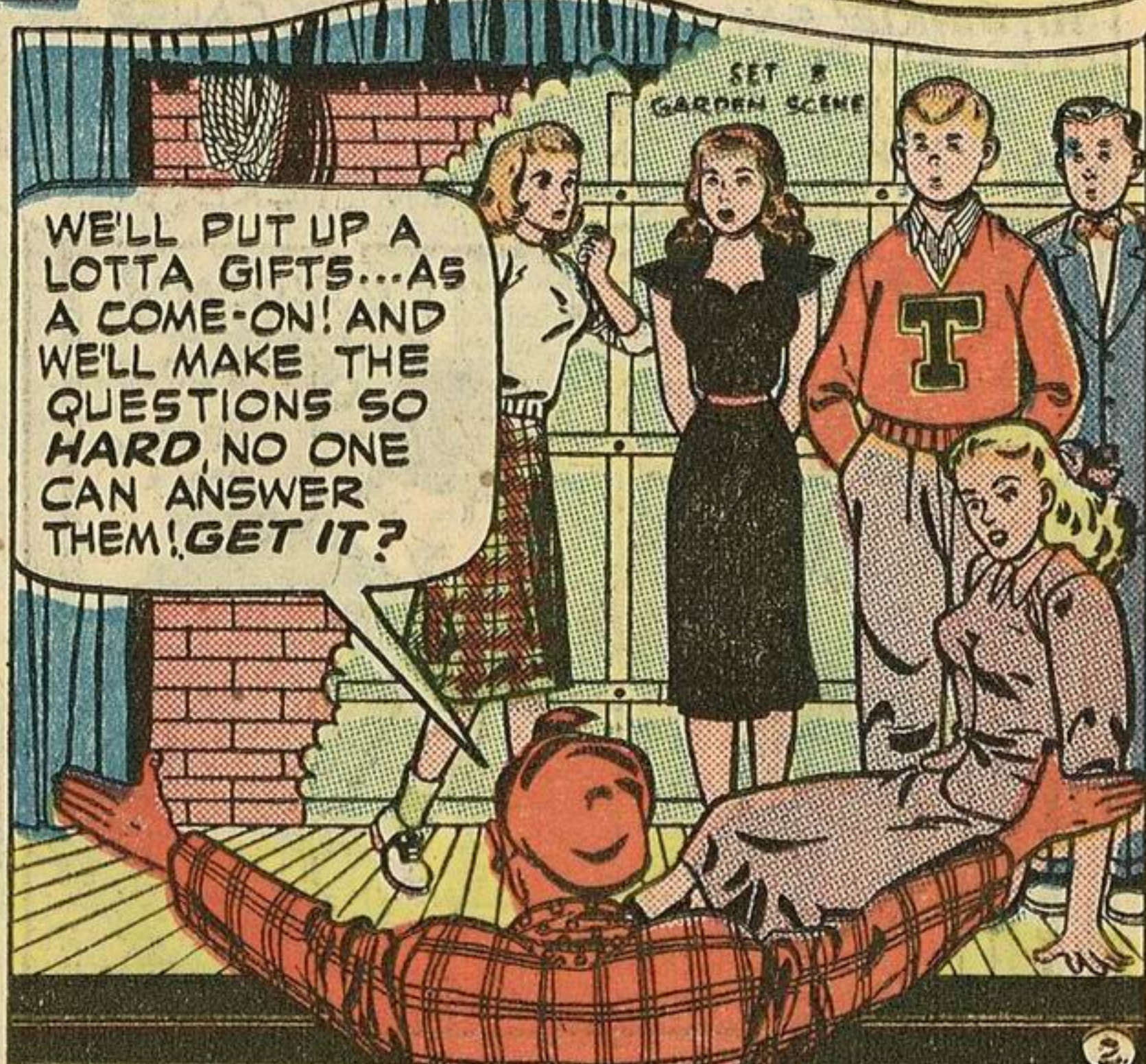
... BUT WHAT DO **WE** HAVE TO OFFER?



WE CAN **OFFER** THE **WORLD**...IN A SORT OF QUIZ CONTEST!...BUT IF PEOPLE CAN'T ANSWER THE QUESTIONS, THEY CAN'T **WIN**, CAN THEY?



WE'LL PUT UP A LOTTA GIFTS...AS A COME-ON! AND WE'LL MAKE THE QUESTIONS SO **HARD**, NO ONE CAN ANSWER THEM! **GET IT?**



BUT, PICKLES...
THAT'S MISREP-
RESENTATION!
IT'S DISHONEST!

DEBBIE, THIS PLAY IS
WORTH FIFTY CENTS!
NO ONE WILL BE
CHEATED...ONCE THEY
SEE IT, THEY'LL BE GLAD
THEY CAME!

WELL, WHERE
DO YOU EX-
PECT TO
GET THIS
GALAXY OF
GIFTS?

YOU'LL ALL HAVE TO
PITCH IN ON THAT! TO
BEGIN WITH, MY DAD
JUST ORDERED A NEW
TELEVISION SET!



PICKLES! ARE YOU
NUTS? HE DIDN'T GET
THAT FOR YOU
TO RAFFLE
OFF!



STOP WORRYING...NO ONE WILL
WIN IT!...IT'LL JUST SIT ON THE
STAGE AS A TEASER! THE NEXT
DAY, I'LL TAKE IT HOME!



YOU'RE STILL NUTS!
YOUR FATHER WILL
MISS HIS SET!

NO... IT HASN'T
BEEN DELIVERED YET!
HERE'S THE STORE NOW!

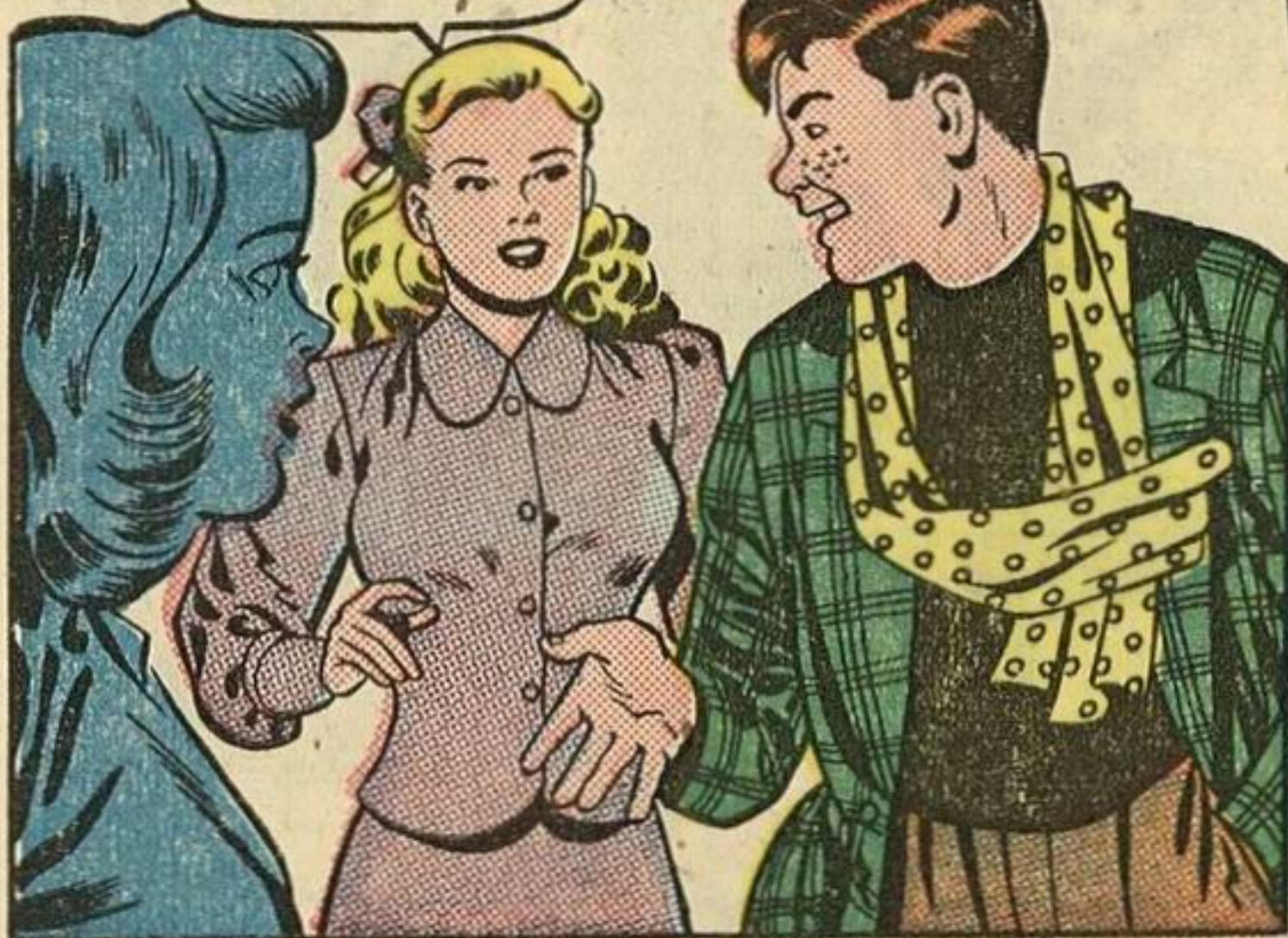


MR. GREEN, THAT TELEVISION SET MY
DAD ORDERED...HE WANTS IT DE-
LIVERED TO TEEN TOWN HIGH NEXT
FRIDAY NIGHT!



MY MOTHER JUST ORDERED A NEW WASHING MACHINE... I GUESS I CAN DO THE SAME THING IF YOU'RE SURE IT'S ALL RIGHT, PICKLES!

NOW YOU'RE LATCHING ON! C'MON, GANG, GET WITH IT!



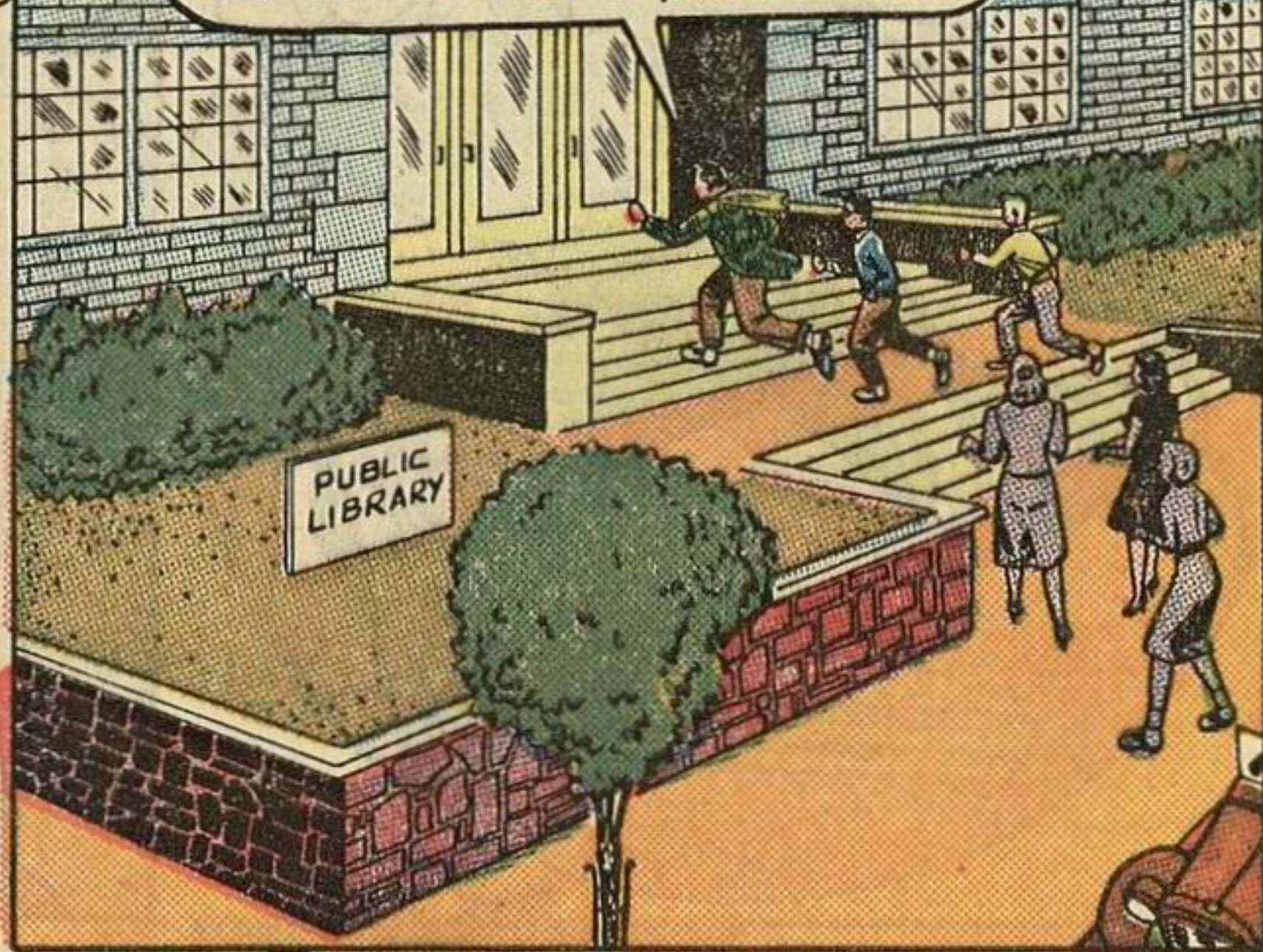
MR. LINDBY, MY FATHER WANTS HIS NEW BEARCAT 8 DELIVERED TO THE HIGH SCHOOL!



YES, THAT'S THE SILVER SET MY MOTHER WANTS... DELIVER IT TO THE HIGH SCHOOL, PLEASE!



SOLID, GATES! WE'VE LINED UP SOME GREAT GIFTS!... NOW TO DOPE OUT SOME UNANSWERABLE QUESTIONS!



TWO HOURS LATER...

PUT THESE ENCYCLOPEDIAS BACK ON THE RACK, GANG! WE'RE ALL SET NOW!



Meanwhile...

ROMEO, I JUST CAME FROM THE LIBRARY! PICKLES IS PLANNING ANOTHER FOUL FRAUD ON THE CITIZENRY... LISTEN...



Minutes later...

SO THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE TERRIFIC TICKET SALE! ...OH, HOW I'D LOVE TO BREAK UP HIS ACT!

HERE! I FILCHED A COPY OF THE QUESTION LIST... YOU'VE GOT TWO DAYS TO DIG UP THE ANSWERS!

KEWP!E, YOU'RE THE SLICKEST MATA HARI IN TOWN!

The NIGHT OF THE PLAY...

PICKLES, HAVE YOU COUNTED THE HOUSE? THEY'RE STANDING FOUR DEEP IN THE BACK!

I EXPECTED IT! ...CHUCKLE... I'LL GET THINGS GOING!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...THE TEEN CLUB WILL PRESENT ITS ANNUAL PLAY IMMEDIATELY!...AT ITS CONCLUSION, WE ASK YOU ALL TO REMAIN IN YOUR SEATS...AT WHICH TIME AN IMPRESSIVE ARRAY OF GIFTS WILL BE GIVEN AWAY AT A FRIENDLY QUIZ SESSION!

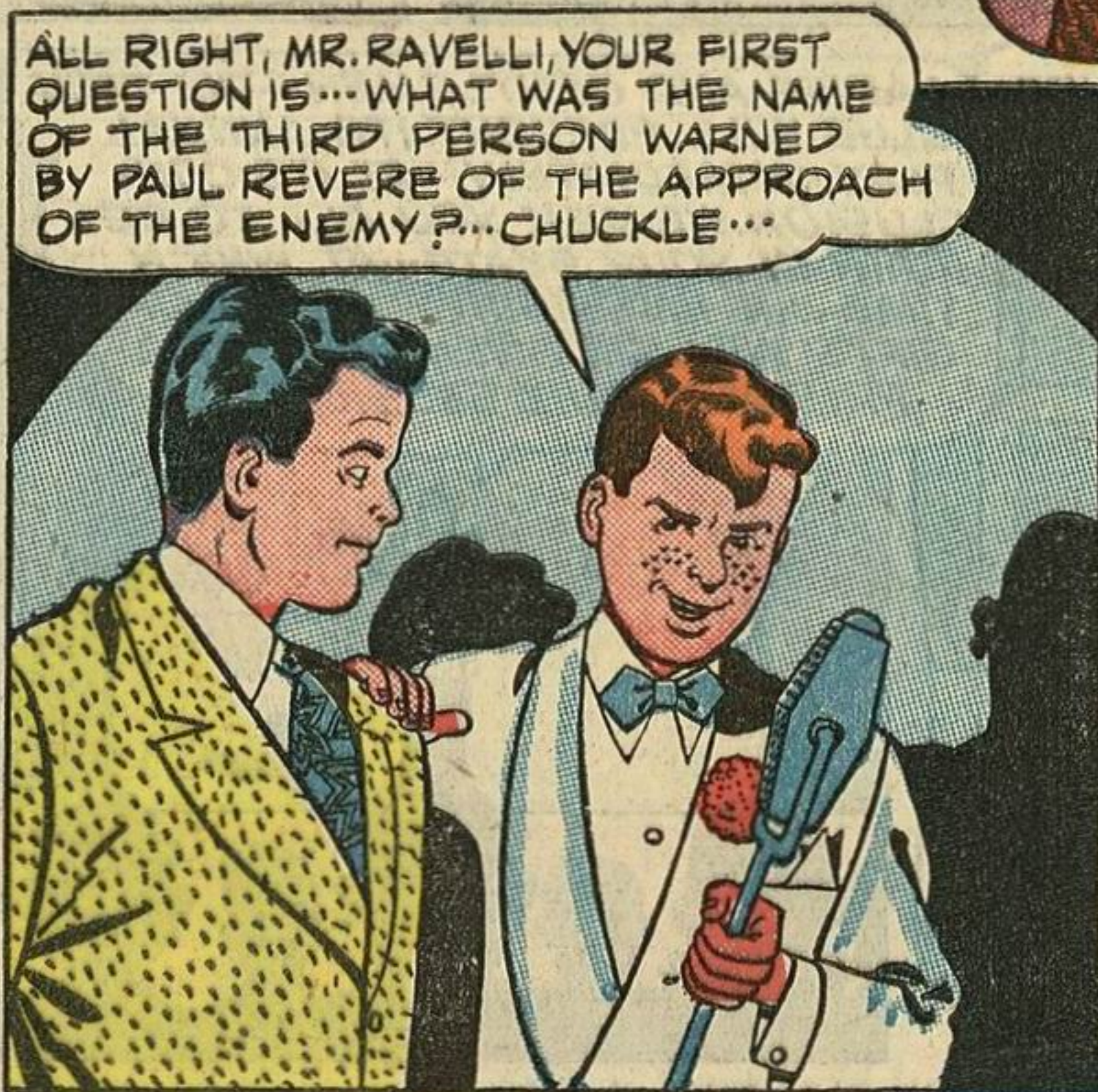
Two hours later...

PICKLES! THE PLAY WAS A SENSATION!

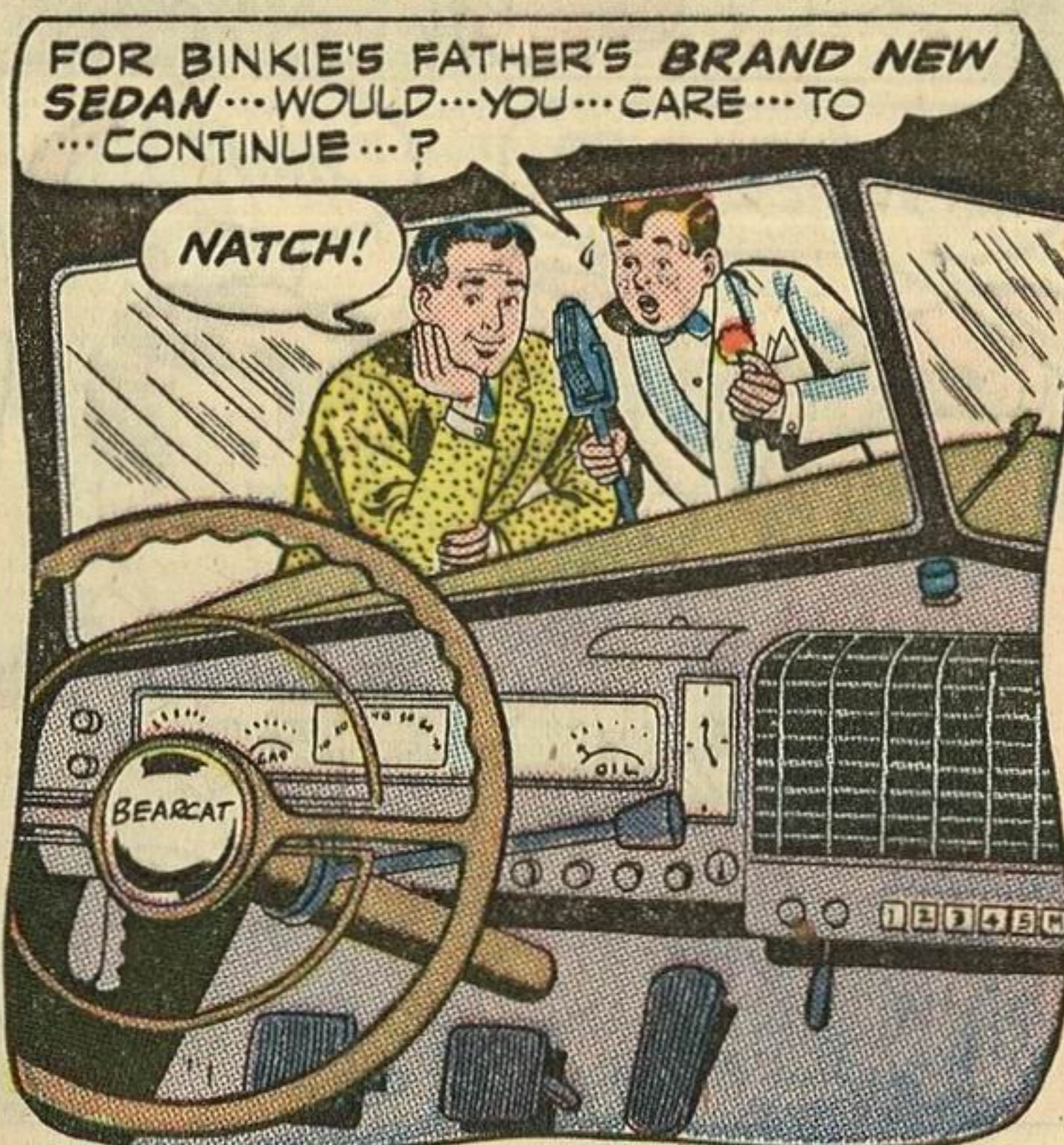
LISTEN TO THAT APPLAUSE!

LOWER THE CURTAIN!

NOW TO GET ON WITH THE QUIZ! HEH, HEH...HERE GOES!



ON PAGE 609, NUMBER 5, VOLUME 1002 OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, THERE IS A PICTURE! **WHAT WAS THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME?**

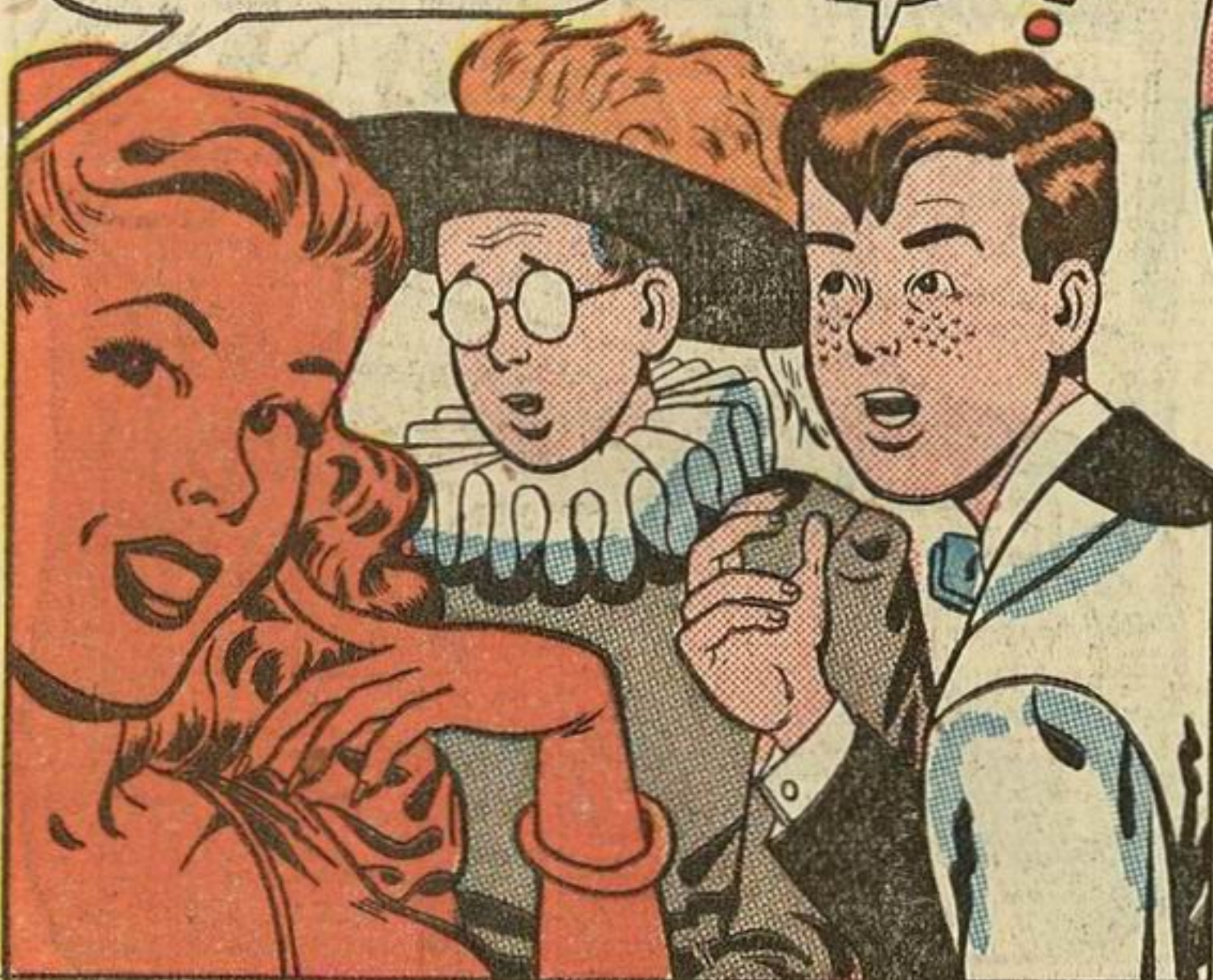


PICKLES! YOU'RE RUINED, THE CLUB'S RUINED, WE'RE ALL RUINED! YOU JUST GAVE AWAY THREE THOUSAND BUCKS WORTH OF OUR PARENTS' PROPERTY!

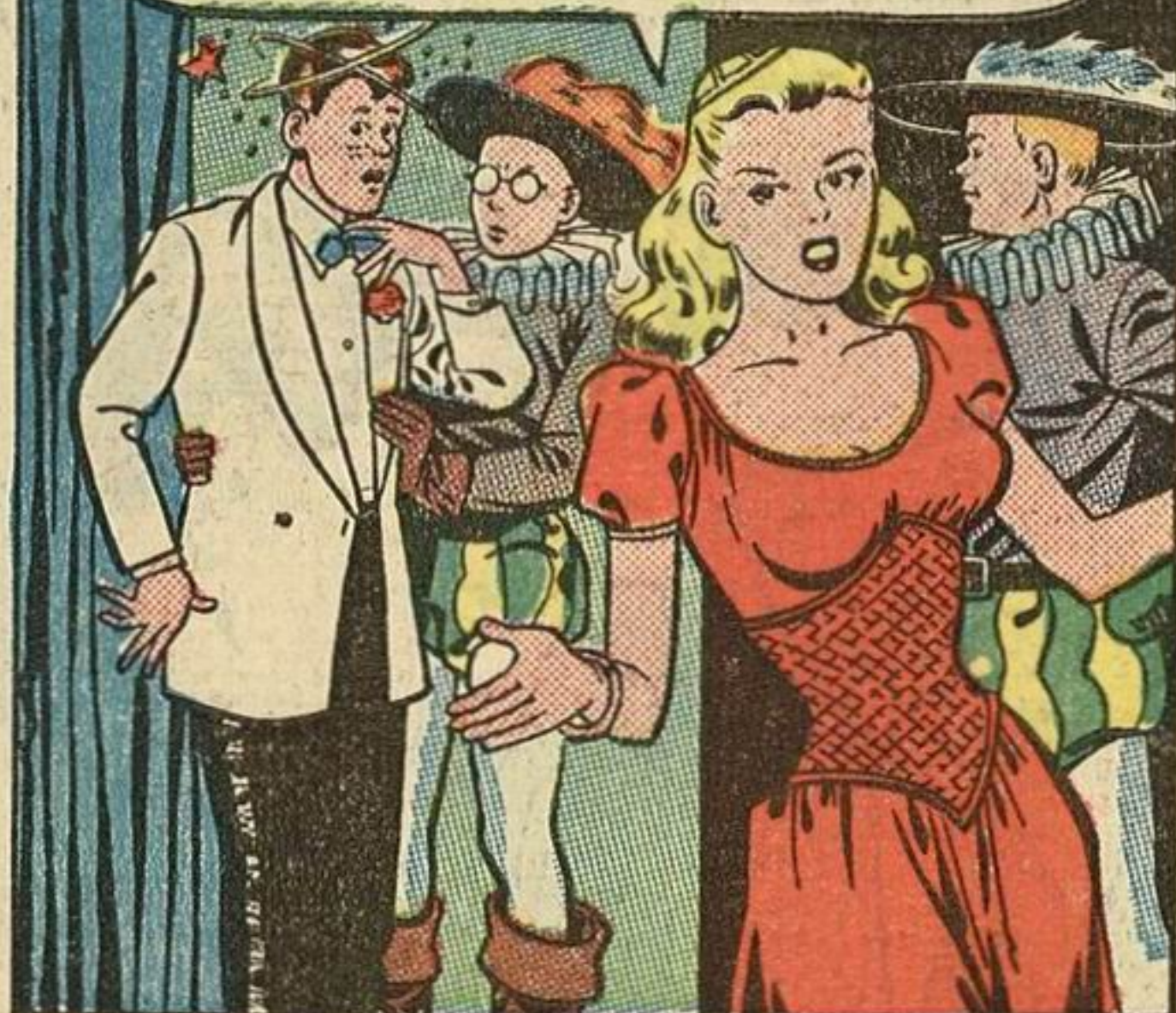


THAT SHOULD BE EASY FOR YOU!

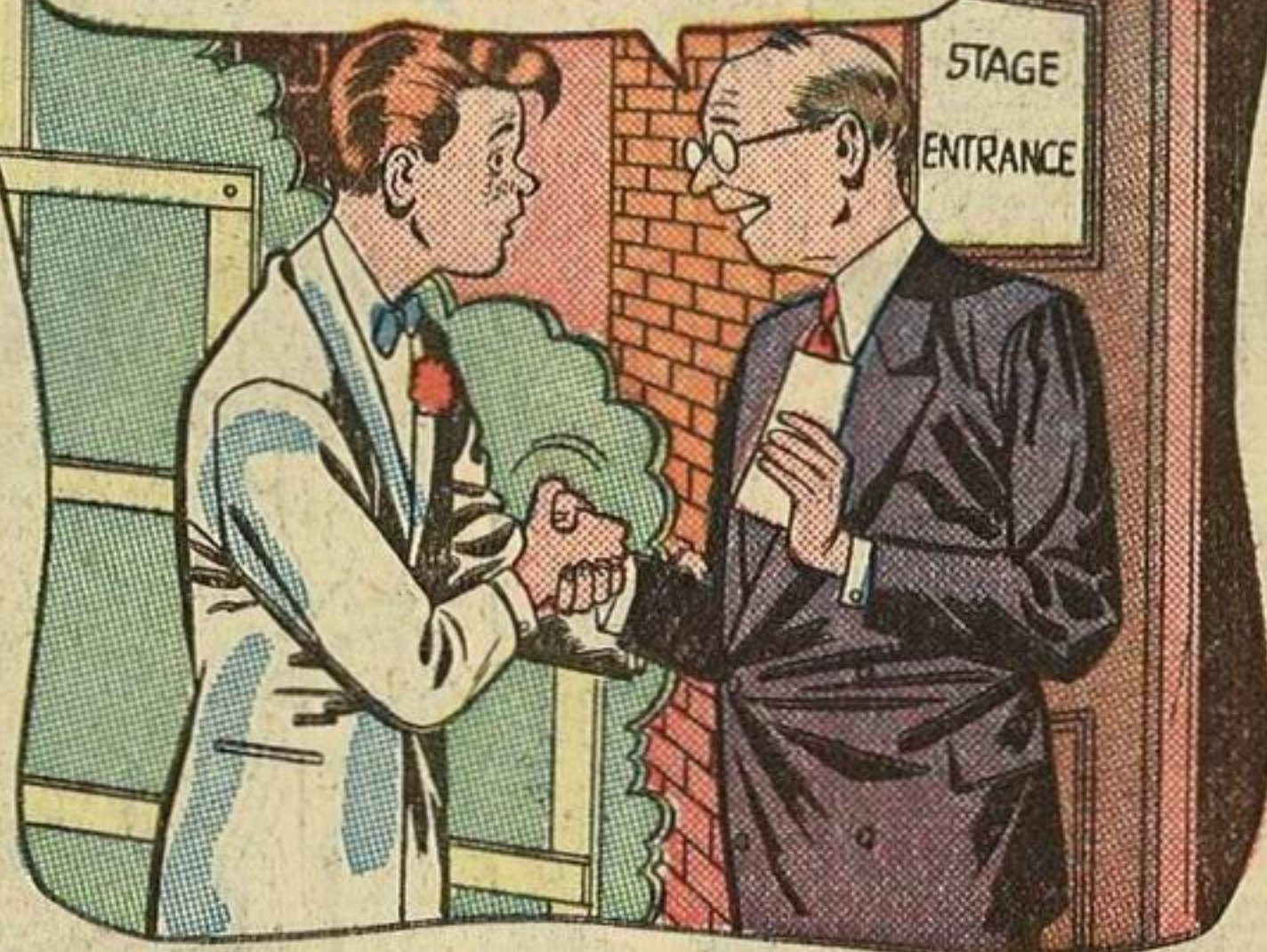
HUH?



WE TOOK IN \$1050...WE NEED \$1950 TO CLEAR UP THIS MESS!



I REPRESENT THE SUPERIOR PLAYS PUBLISHING HOUSE! I'M DEEPLY IMPRESSED WITH THE PLAY YOU PEOPLE PRODUCED TONIGHT, AND HAVE HERE A CHECK FOR TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE COPYRIGHTS TO IT!



PICKLES, DID YOU HEAR THAT? THAT LEAVES US FIFTY BUCKS PROFIT!

SAY, DEBBIE...HOW'S ABOUT ME TAKIN' YOU HOME IN MY NEW BEAR-CAT?...THEN I'LL SHOW YOU TELEVISION OR DO YOUR LAUNDRY! HEH! HEH!



WILL SOMEONE PLEASE STARCH THAT "STUFFED SHIRT"?



LORRIE

LISTEN TO THIS, ELLA-MAE! IT'S BETTER THAN THE OTHERS!

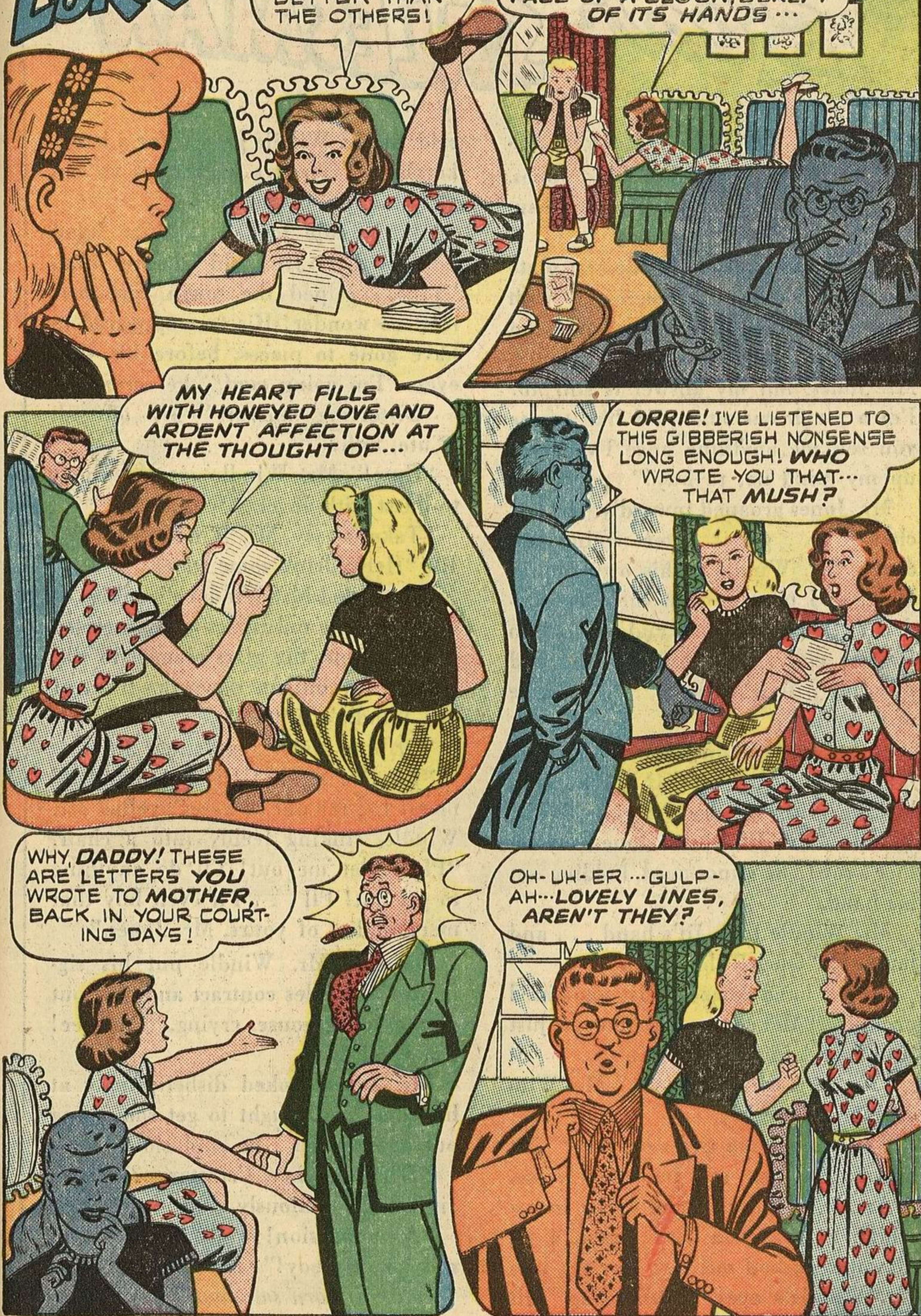
MY BELOVED SNUGGLE BUNNY... WITHOUT YOU, I FEEL LIKE THE FACE OF A CLOCK, BEREFT OF ITS HANDS...

MY HEART FILLS WITH HONEYED LOVE AND ARDENT AFFECTION AT THE THOUGHT OF...

LORRIE! I'VE LISTENED TO THIS GIBBERISH NONSENSE LONG ENOUGH! WHO WROTE YOU THAT... THAT MUSH?

WHY, DADDY! THESE ARE LETTERS YOU WROTE TO MOTHER, BACK IN YOUR COURT-ING DAYS!

OH-UH-ER... GULP-AH... LOVELY LINES, AREN'T THEY?



Star SALESMAN

"MR. WINDLE, please reconsider!" pleaded Mr. Jones. *"Please say you'll buy my merchandise!"*

Mr. Windle pushed his dessert plate away, wiped his mouth carefully with Mrs. Jones' very best napkin, and said firmly, "It's been an excellent dinner, Mr. Jones, but my answer is still *no!* I'm a tough customer. I'd like to see you sell me anything once I've made up my mind not to buy!"

Mr. Jones groaned inwardly. His last chance . . . gone! After wining and dining Mr. Windle at his own dinner table, and offering him the merchandise at such low prices and giving him Havana cigars and flattering him and pleading with him and . . . "Oh, I give up!" said Mr. Jones.

Just then, Jitterbuck wandered lazily into the dining room. "H'lo," he said, looking with intense interest at Mr. Windle. "I'm Jitterbuck Jones, my father's son!" he announced, holding out his hand.

Mr. Windle took Jit's hand . . . and jumped! "Ouch!" he cried.

"It's a hand buzzer," Jit explained proudly. "Makes ya feel like ya just been shocked or somethin'!"

"It . . . it certainly does," Mr. Windle agreed weakly.

"Ya wanna see my new ring?" Jit asked him in an innocent voice.

As Mr. Windle leaned down to examine the ring on Jit's finger, a jet of water gushed out . . . straight into Mr. Windle's eye! "Squirt ring," Jit

said, as Mr. Windle groped for a handkerchief. "Here's a mirror, so ya can see what you're doin'."

Mr. Windle looked into the hand mirror that Jit held before him. "Yipe!" yelped the tough customer. And no wonder! His face appeared to have gone to pieces, before his very eyes. "I'm going *mad!*" he screamed.

"Distorting mirror," Jit offered. "Cute, huh?"

"Cute!" Mr. Windle seemed about to burst with anger. "Why, I . . ."

"Take it easy, Mr. Windle," advised Jit. "Here, drink some water."

He handed Mr. Windle a tumbler of water. As the unsuspecting man raised it to his lips, the glass seemed to tilt, spilling its contents down the front of Mr. Windle's suit.

"Dribble glass!" explained Jit.

"Buzzer! Squirt! Distortions! Dribblers! Let me out of here!" yelled Mr. Windle, sinking feebly into a chair. "Please let me out! I'll do anything to get out! I'll . . . I'll even buy that merchandise of yours, Mr. Jones."

Quickly, Mr. Windle put his signature to a sales contract and shot out of the Jones house, crying, "I'm free! I'm free!"

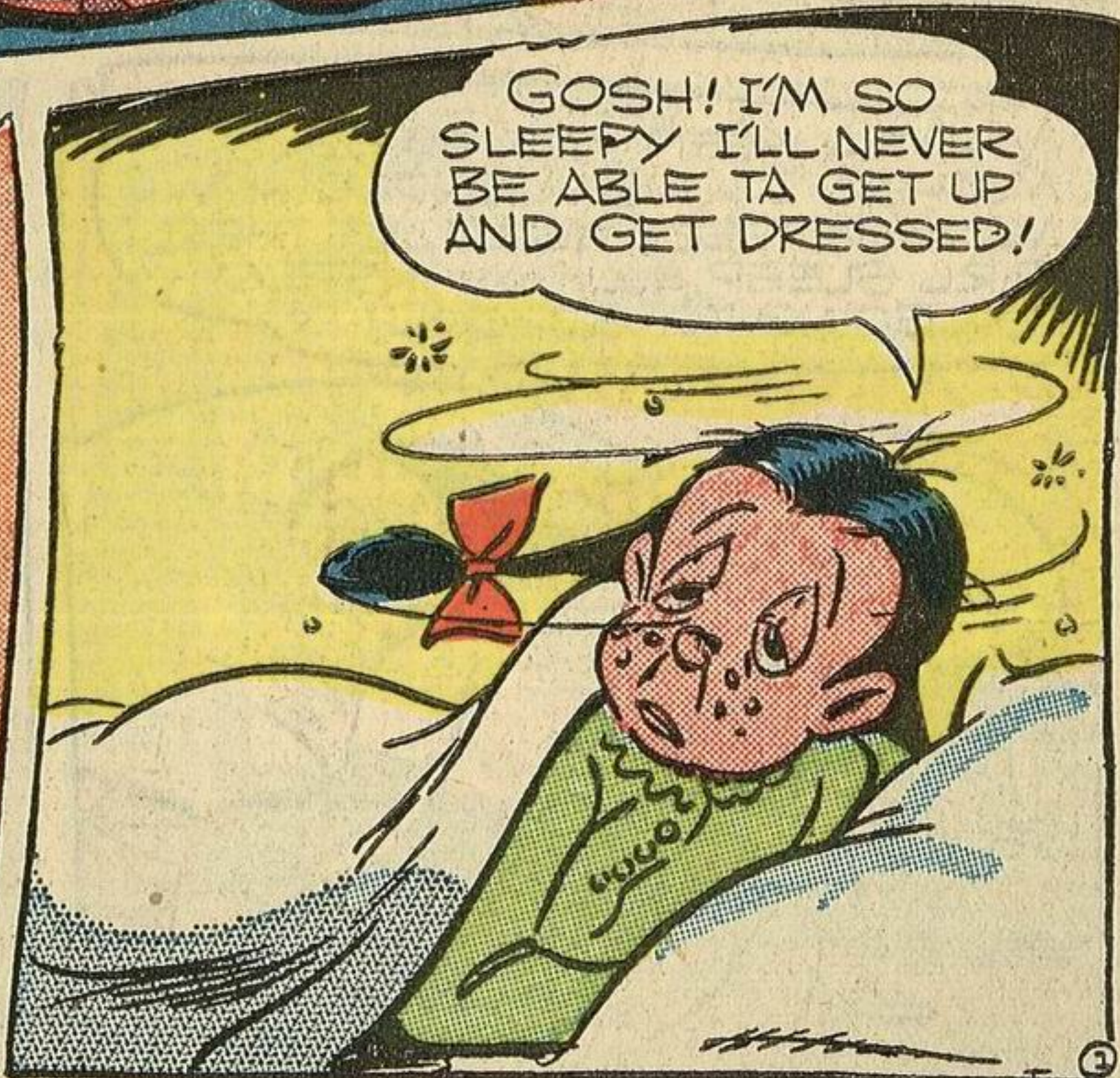
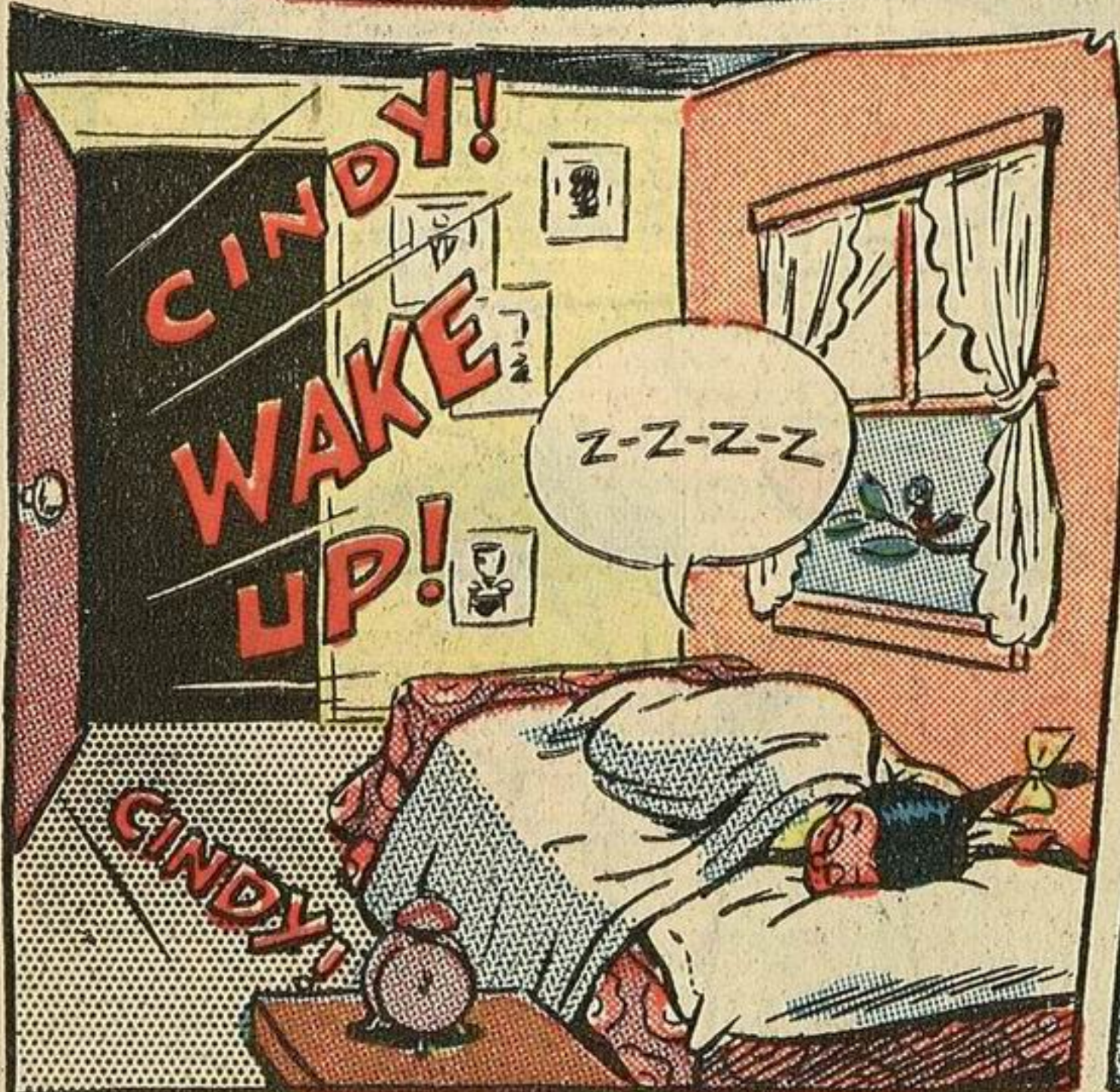
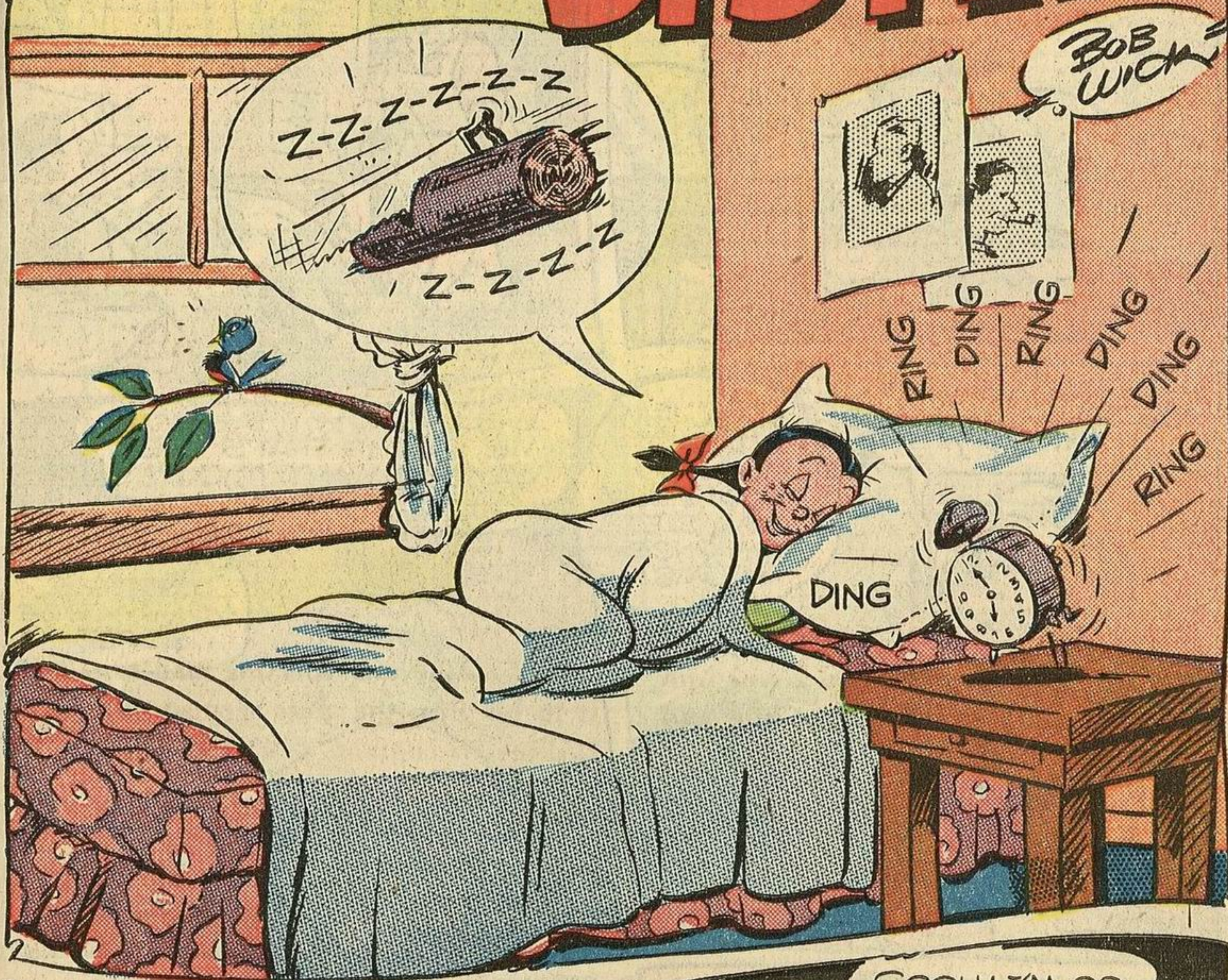
Mr. Jones looked disbelievingly at his son. "You ought to get something out of this, Jit," he said slowly.

"Wh . . . what, f'rinstance?" asked Jit, a trifle anxiously.

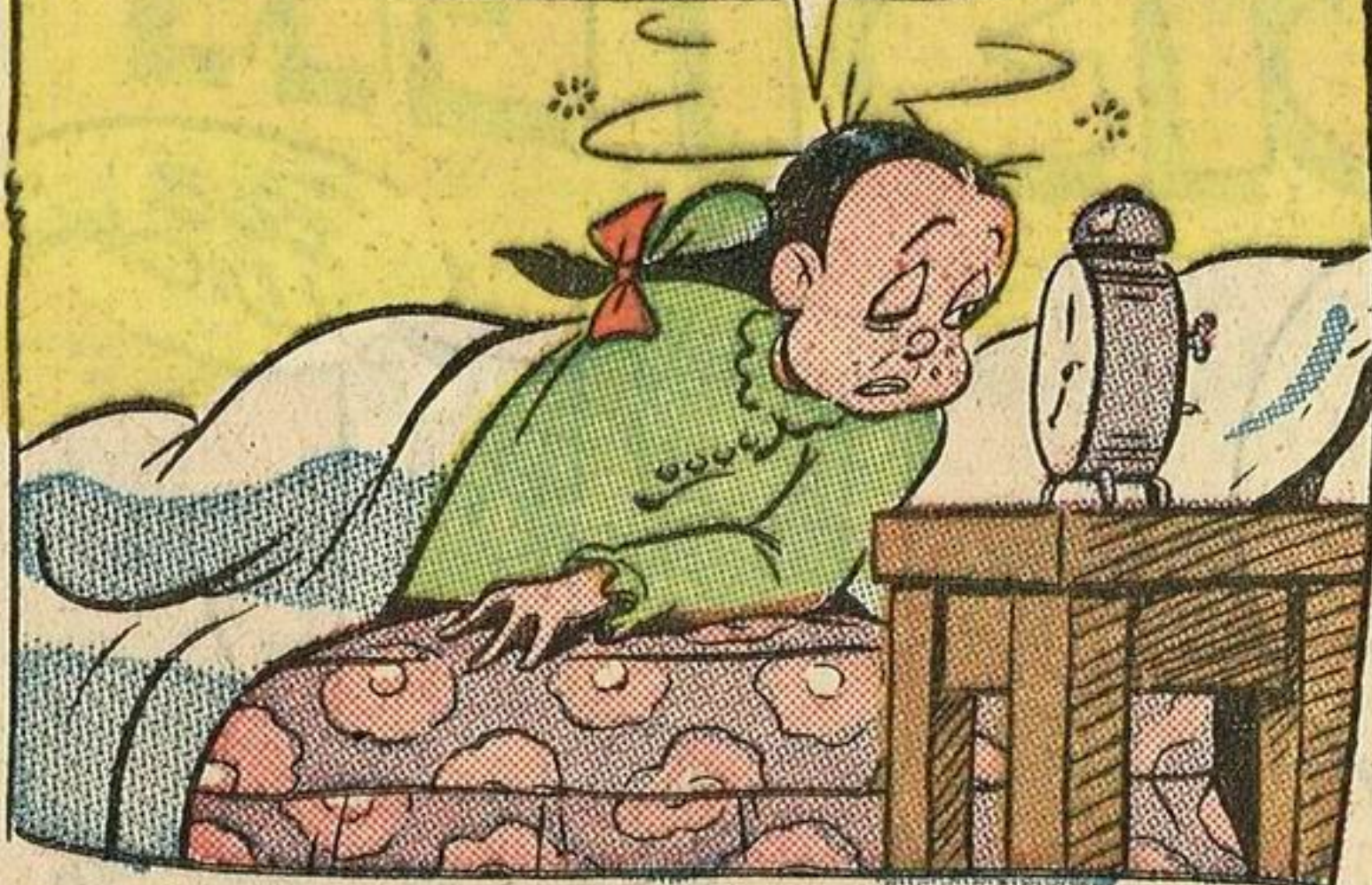
"A commission! A nice fat sales commission, my boy!" chuckled Mr. Jones. **"You're a born salesman!"**

OUR KID

SISTER

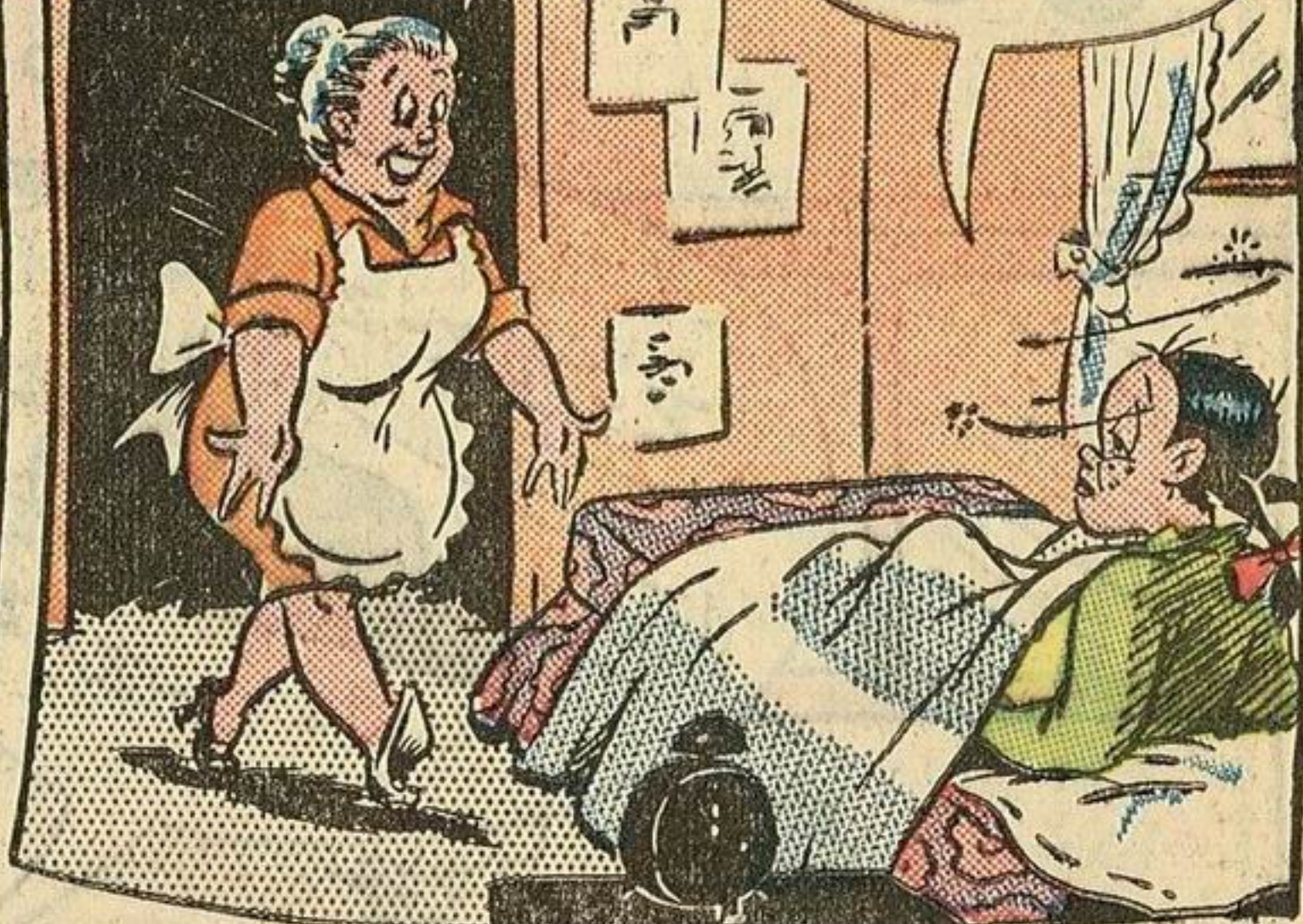


I'LL NEVER MAKE IT TO SCHOOL ON TIME-- GOLLY, I CAN'T KEEP MY EYES OPEN! MAYBE MOMS'LL LET ME STAY HOME AN' SNOOZE TODAY!



CINDY O'RELLA, GET RIGHT UP OUT OF THAT BED OR YOU'LL BE LATE!

AW, MOMS! DO I HAVE TO GO TODAY, MOMS?



THE GIRLS ARE WAITING FOR YOU DOWNSTAIRS, CINDY!!

TELL 'EM I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD! I JUS' WANNA SLEEP THIS ONCE, MOMS!

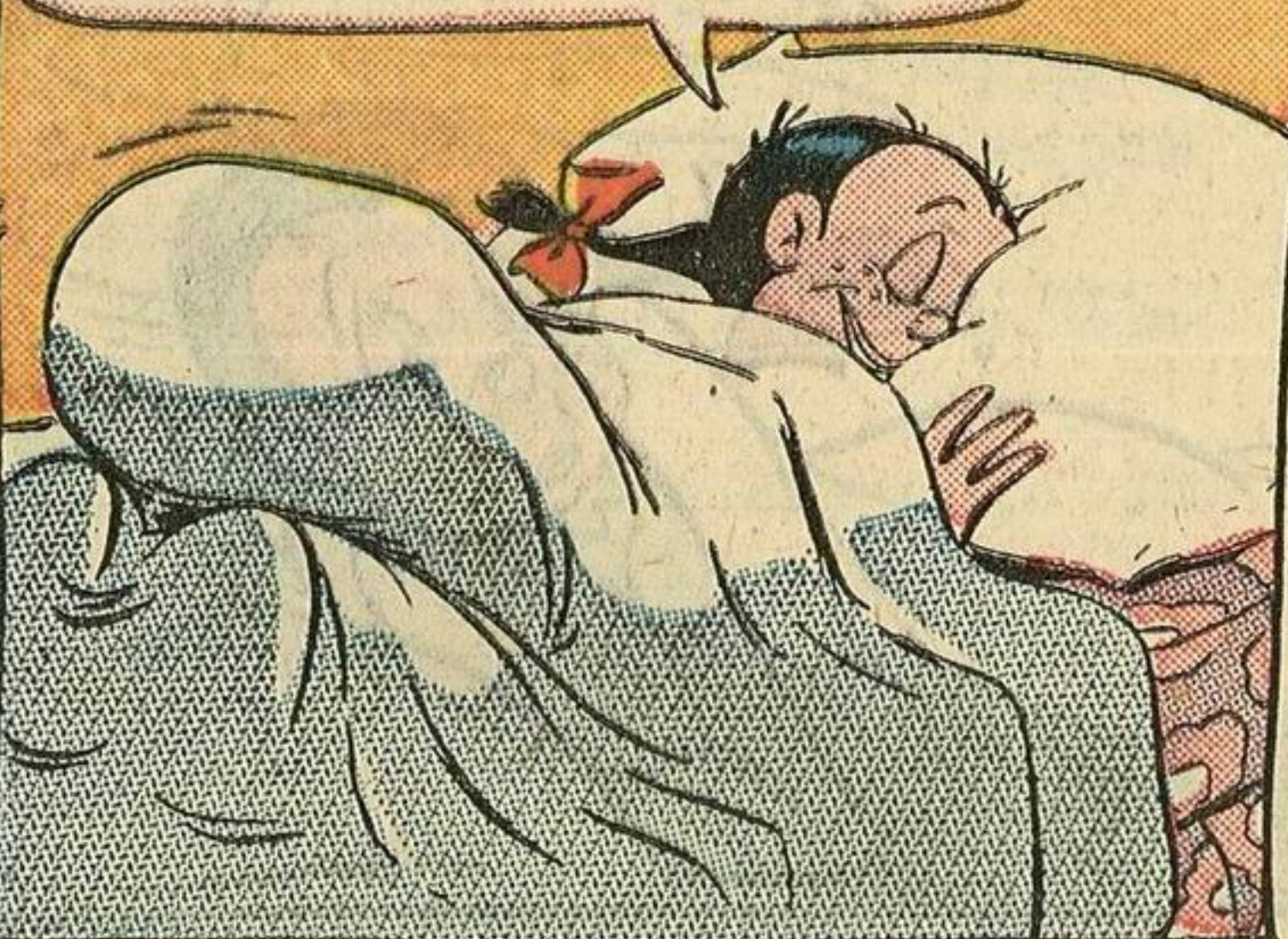


WELL, CINDY, IT'S BEYOND ME, BUT IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT, O.K! STAY IN BED!!

JEEPERS, MOMS, YOU'RE SUPER!



WHAT A KEEN AND DARLING MOTHER I HAVE! WONDER HOW MANY MOTHERS WOULD LET THEIR GIRL SLEEP ALL DAY INSTEAD OF GOING TO SCHOOL!

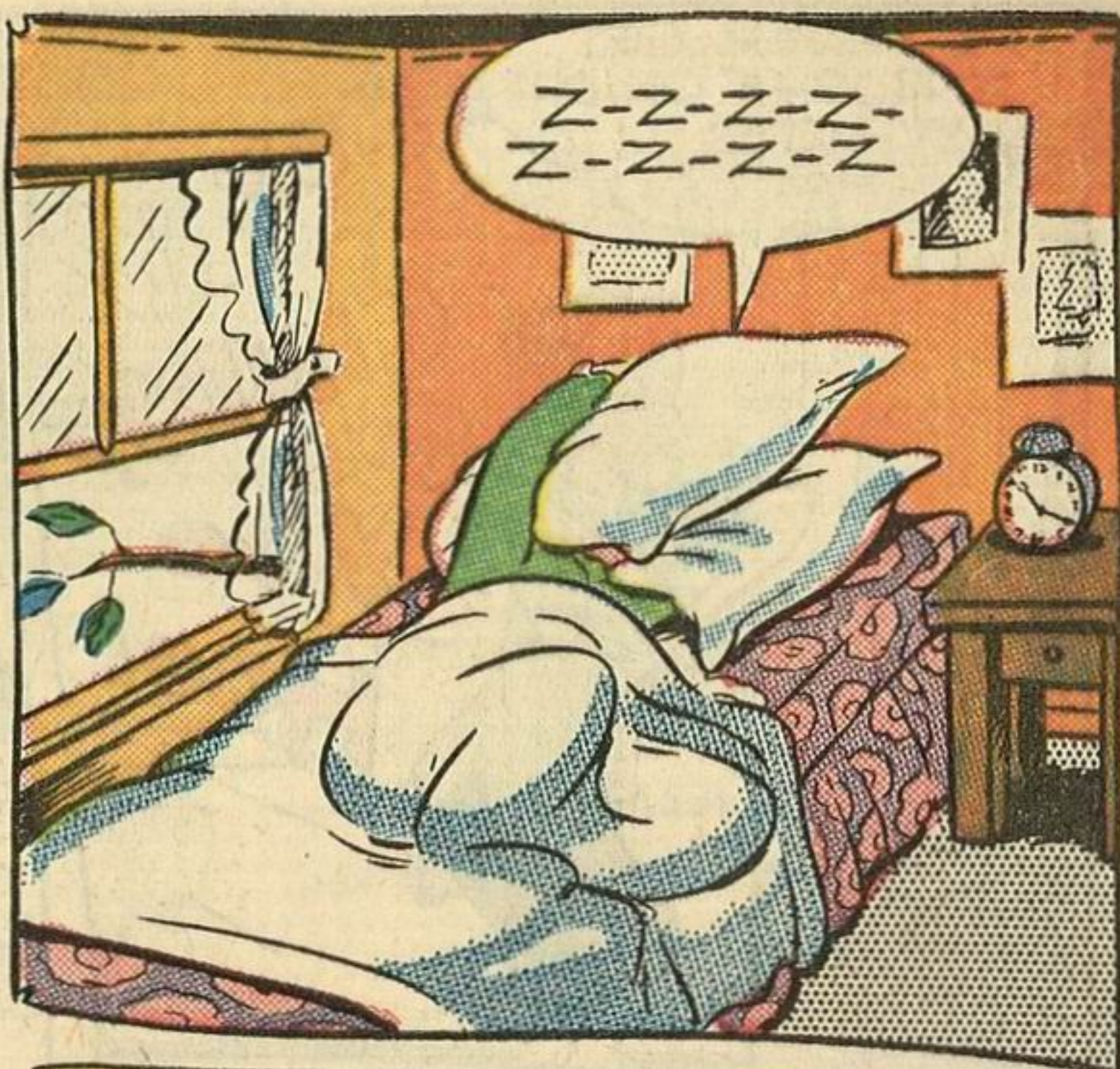
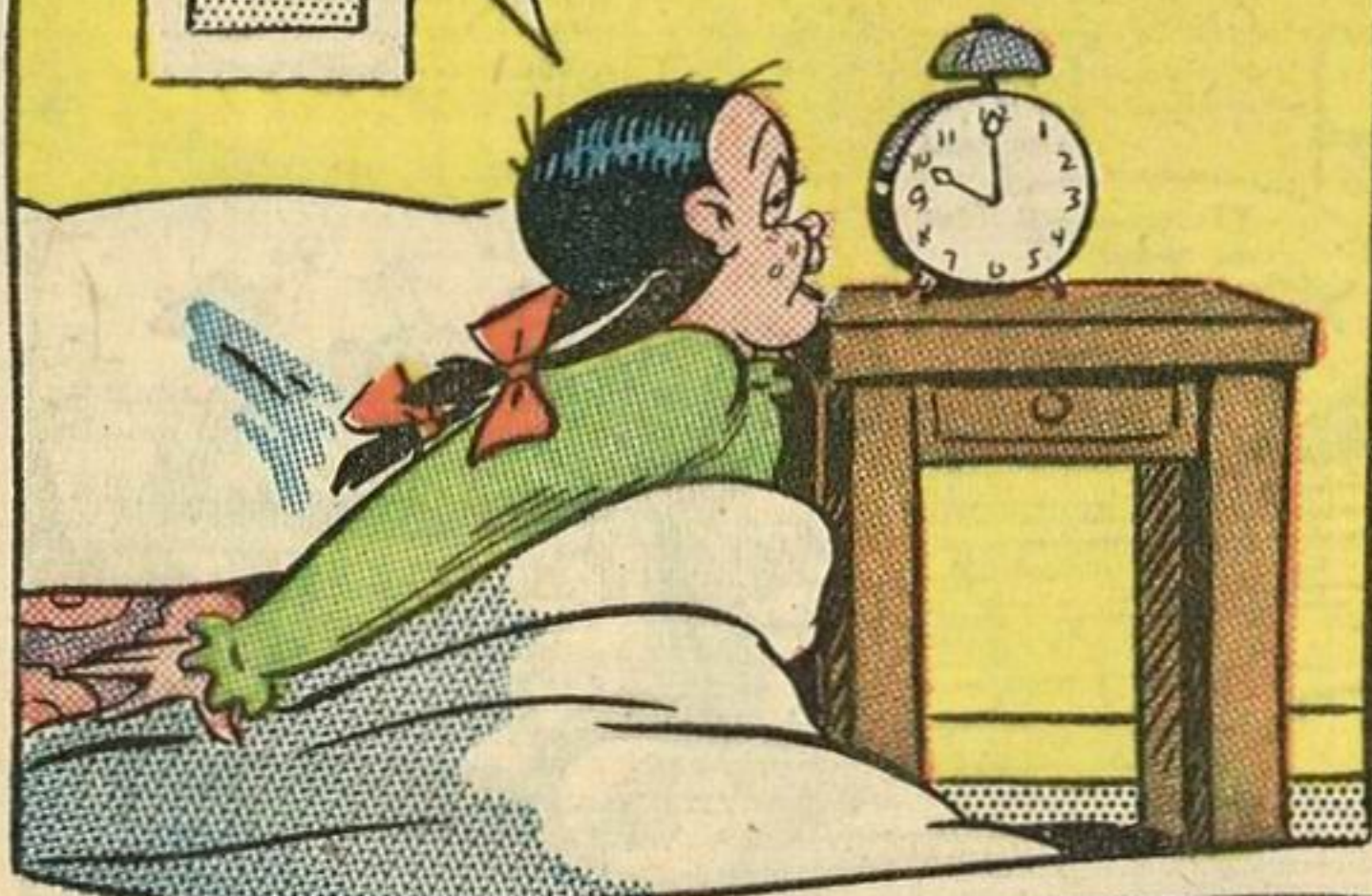


SHE'S THE -- MOS -- WONDER -- FUL -- MOMS IN -- THE -- Z-Z-Z-Z -- WORLD -- Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z --



LATER

GOLLY, TEN O'CLOCK!
I SLEPT FOR AN HOUR!
THE KIDS ARE HAVING
MATH NOW! AM I EVER
IN LUCK, IT'S BACK TO
SLEEP FOR ME!



LATER

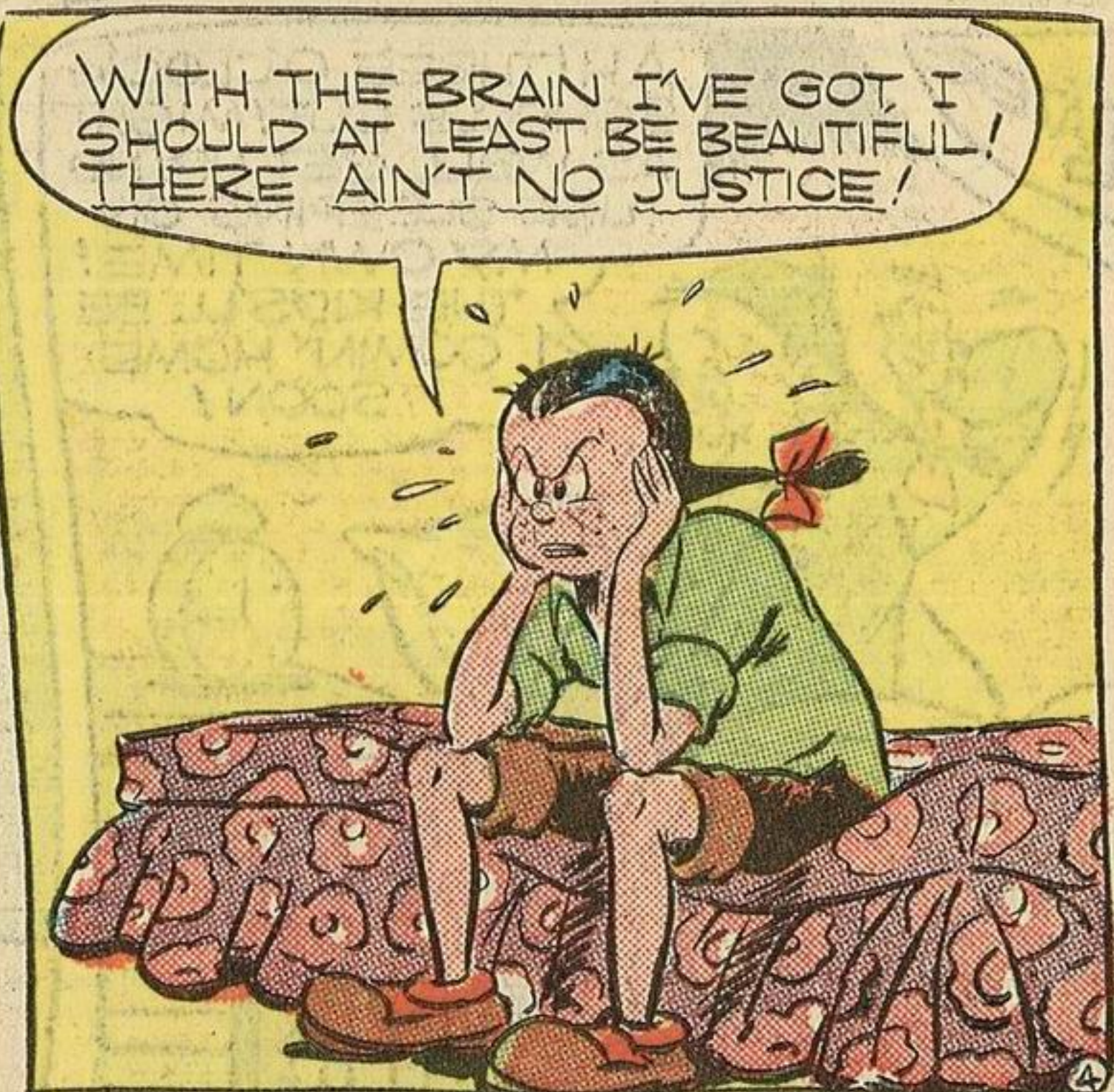
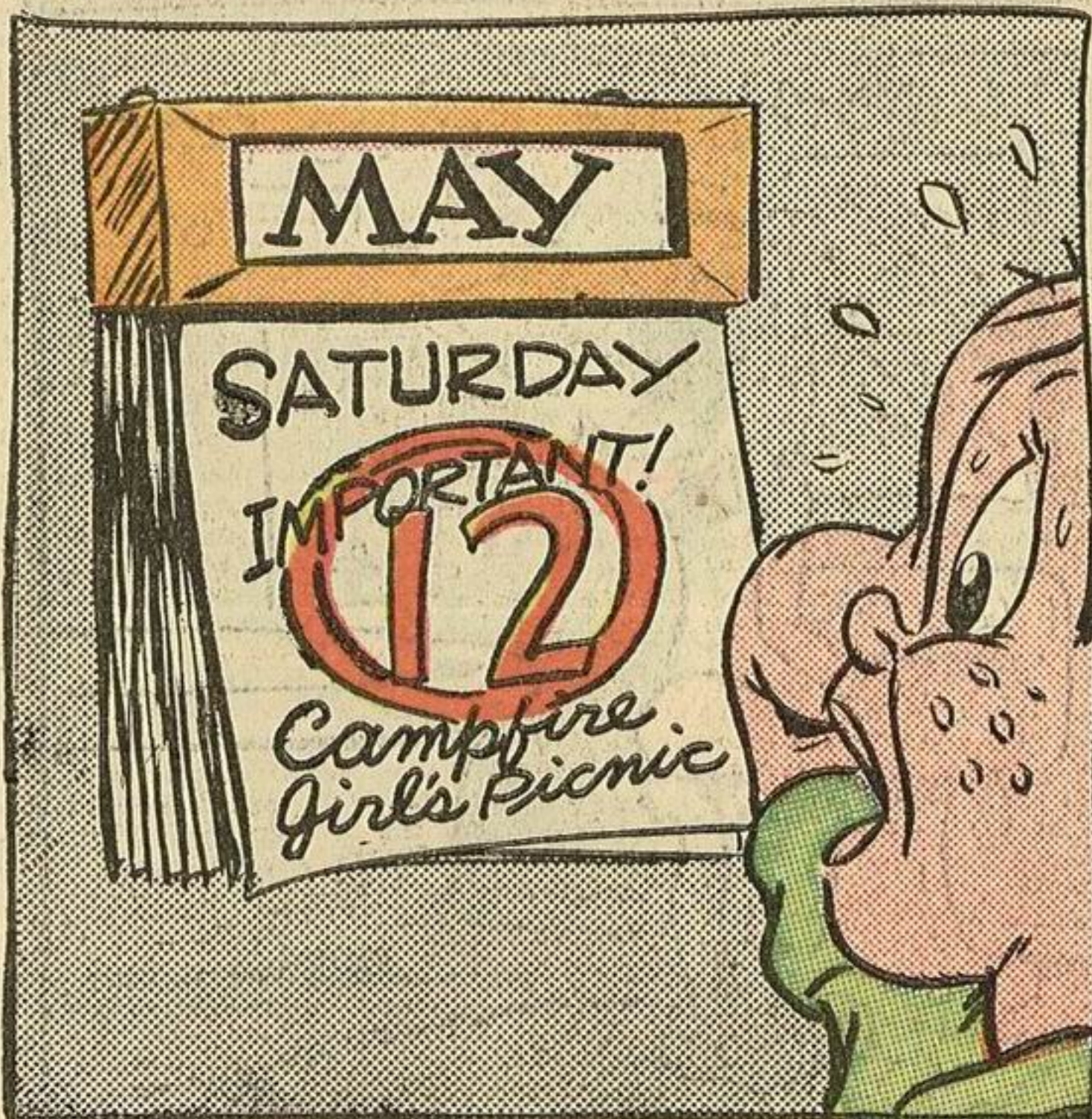
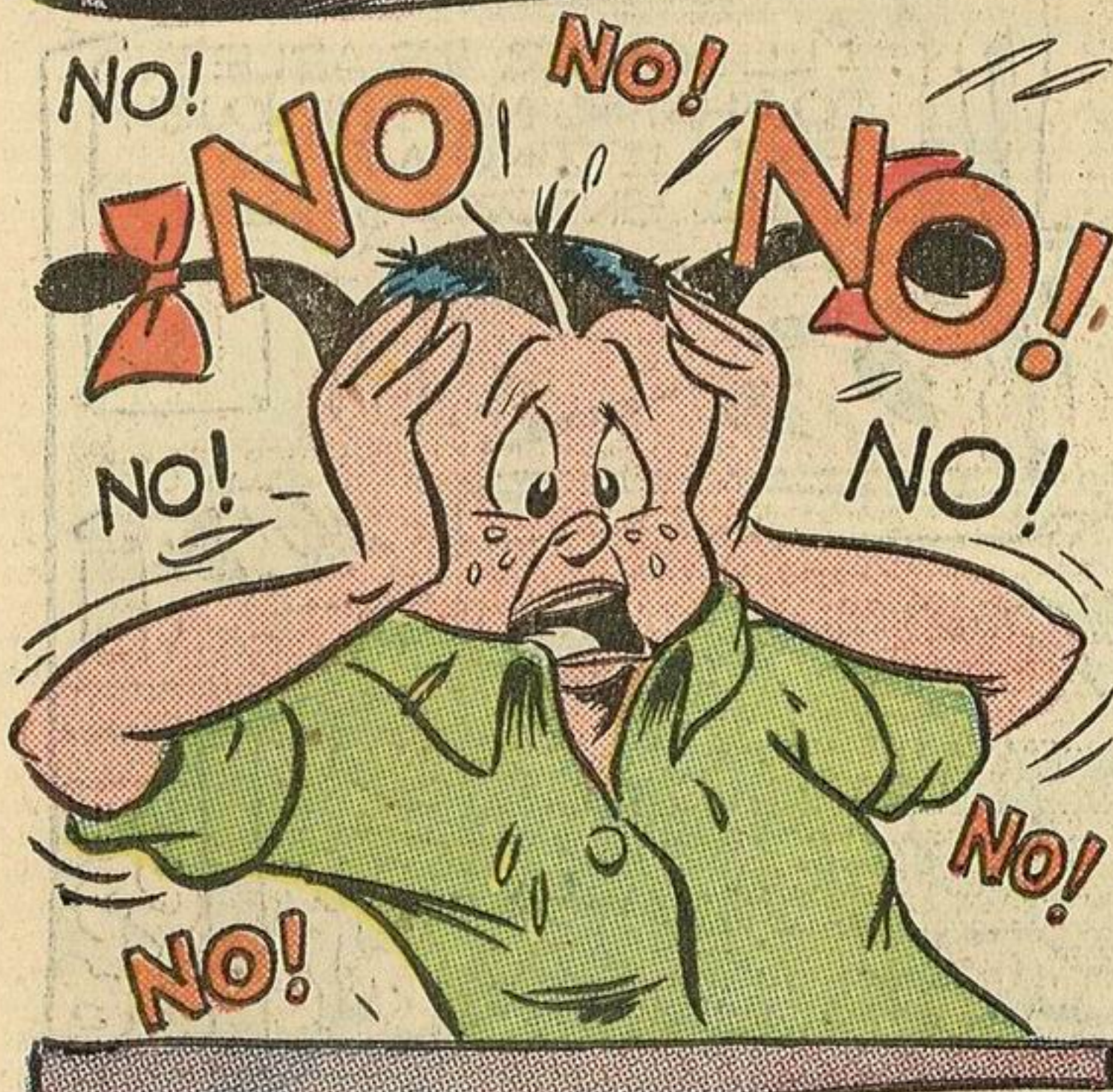
ELEVEN O'CLOCK-AND
HISTORY CLASS! AN'
ME IN MY COZY BED!



LATER

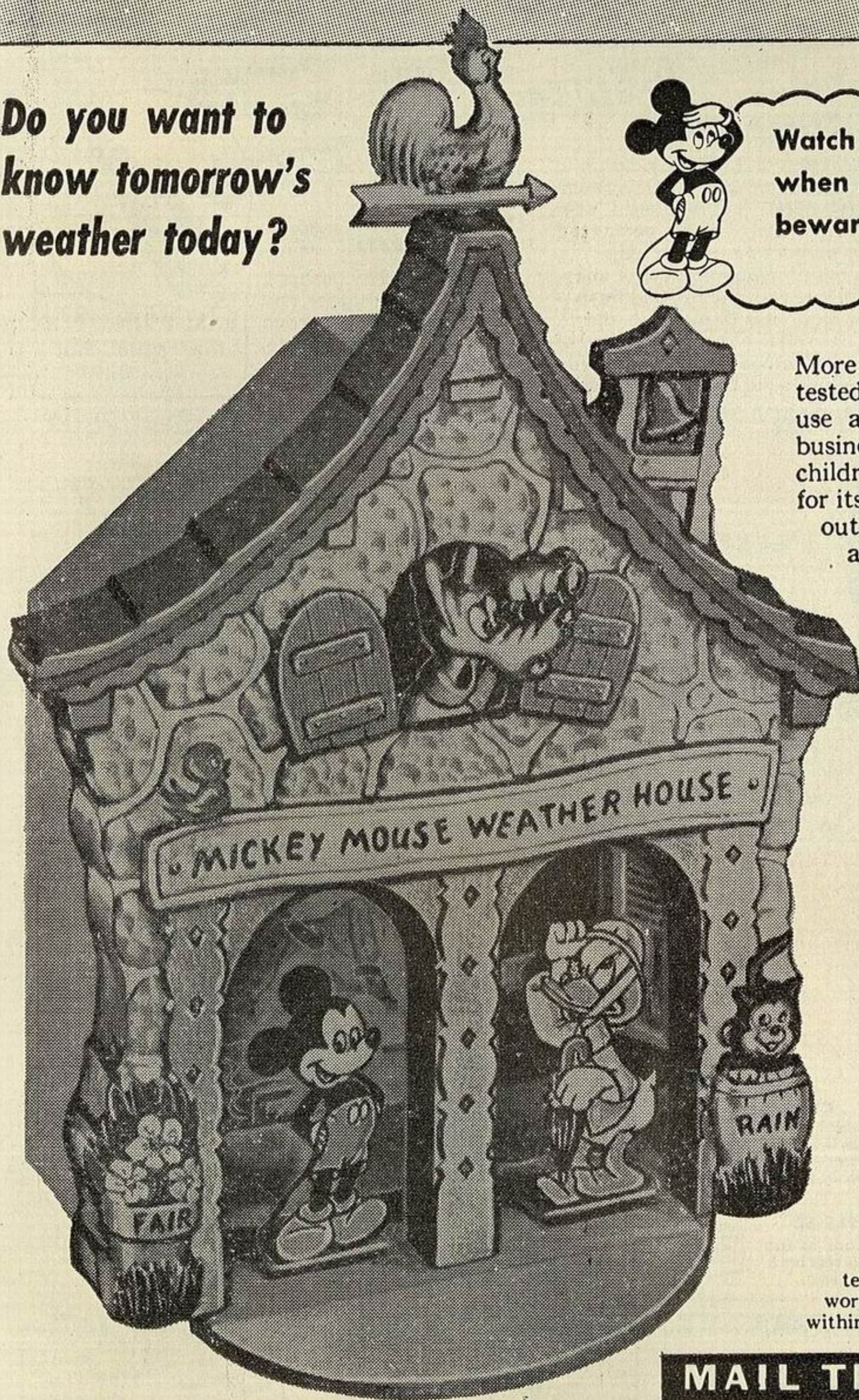
AH! THREE O'CLOCK-
SCHOOL'S OUT! MIGHT
AS WELL GET UP! NO
USE SLEEPING ON
MY OWN TIME!
THE KIDS'LL BE
COMIN' HOME
SOON!





Amazing NEW Mickey Mouse-Donald Duck WEATHER FORECASTER

**Do you want to
know tomorrow's
weather today?**



Watch for balmy days ahead
when Mickey Mouse is out—
beware of rain when
Donald Duck's about.



More than 2,000,000 Weatherman tried-and-tested home weather forecasters are in daily use all over America. Farmers, housewives, businessmen, laborers, doctors, lawyers and children of all ages check the Weather House for its predictions. When Mickey Mouse comes out watch for fine weather; when Donald Duck appears, be on the lookout for bad weather!

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Operates Automatically

Simply set your Weather House and it is ready for action. You'll marvel at the mysterious way in which Mickey and Donald move in and out of the house

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

The Weatherman is so certain that you will be thrilled with your Weather House that he makes this offer: pay your postman \$1.49 plus postage when your Weather House is delivered; test it for accuracy—watch it closely, see how it works. If you are not 100% pleased simply return it within ten days and your money will be refunded.

SEND NO MONEY

Simply mail coupon today. Upon receipt of your Weather House pay postman \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage. If you don't agree that your Weather House is worth many dollars more than the small cost, return it within 10 days and get your money back in full.

THE WEATHERMAN

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Chicago 11, Illinois

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430 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

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☐ send C.O.D.

☐ I enclose \$1.49—ship prepaid.

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(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

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*Send
No Money*

Order today! Pay postman \$1.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. Or send \$2.00 and we pay postage. If not delighted return in 10 days for refund.



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the "write" that
never fails!

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Check These QUALITY Features

- ★ Colorful, Water Repellent Scotch Plaid Fibre
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We challenge comparison because nowhere... but nowhere will you get these **fine seat covers** at our low price! Yes, thanks to our amazing **direct-from-distributor-to-you** plan, you can now own long-wearing DeLuxe Auto Seat Covers at **half the price** you'd expect to pay. And don't let our low price lead you to confuse our fine covers with inferior auto slip-covers being sold elsewhere. No indeed! These are top quality, **DeLuxe** Seat Covers master-tailored of rugged, **water-repellent** scotch-plaid fibre and **richly grained leatherette**. Their smooth fit and handsome appearance will vastly improve the looks of your car, make it easy for you to slide in and out, protect your clothing and upholstery, and check driving discomfort.

STYLE SA
4-door sedan
with 1-pc. seats
and backs.

STYLE SB
2-door sedan
with split back,
1-pc. seat.

STYLE SC
2-door sedan
with separate
seats.

STYLE CA
Coupe with
1-pc. back.

STYLE CC
Coupe with
2-pc. back.

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Referring to your license card,
list the **make, year,**
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Also give model number, body type.
Also state seat style of your car
as shown in illustrations at left.
Put all information in coupon below
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Pay postman price of covers ordered plus postage or send cash and we pay postage. If not completely delighted return to us within 5 days for refund under our "you must be pleased—or your money-back" guarantee!

An out-of-this-world bargain in
Super-Fit, Easy-To-Install

Custom Quality Seat Covers

- ★ Superb Materials
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- ★ Luxurious Beauty
- ★ Long-Life Durability

Coupe and
Front Seats
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with \$16.50
Seat Covers

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MAKE _____ YEAR _____ MODEL _____

Body Type _____ Seat Style ☐ Style SA ☐ Style SB ☐ Style SC ☐ Style CA ☐ Style CC

Check ☐ I am enclosing \$ _____ Ship postpaid.
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